# EDDIE

$4.00

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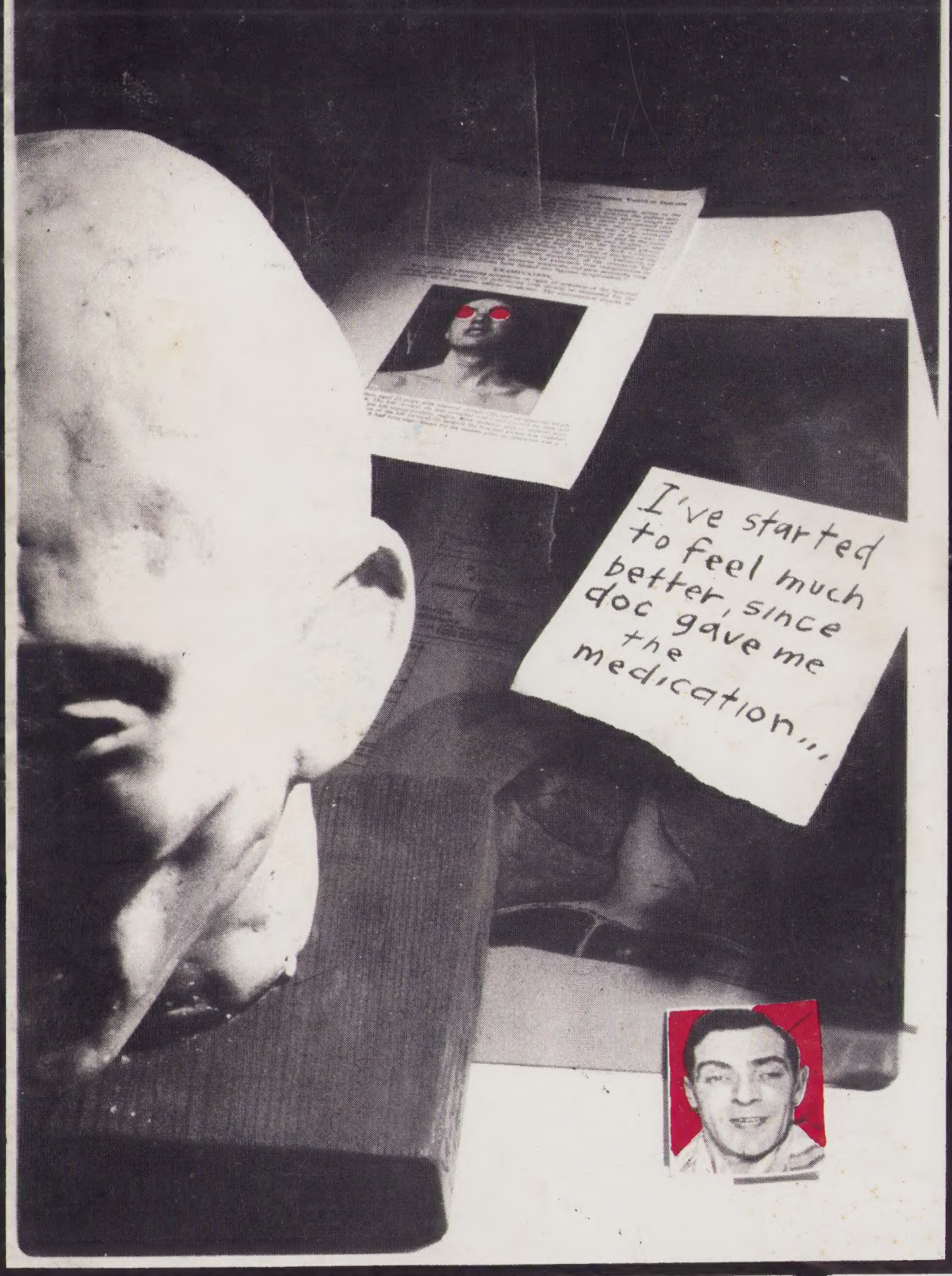



Symptoms : I'VE GOT FRIDAY ON MY MIND.

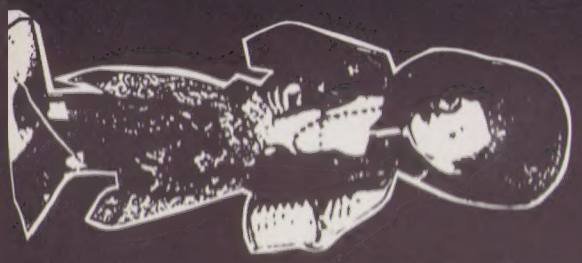
Diagnosis : BETTER READ THAN DEAD.

Patient : EDDIE.

dose: READ EDDIE 3 TIMES A DAY

FREE FOOTY POSTER -- INSIDE!!!

Date : MARCH 1992



# Eddie You

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EDDIE the Magazin


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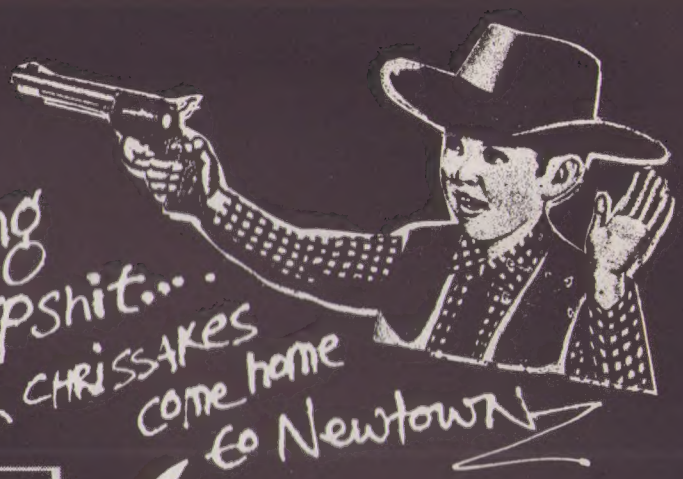
"Don't let your tra
Think tractors. Think

# APE!

watcha mean sending me this SHEEPshit... for CHRISSAKES come home to Newtown!



Well Edie, Since the last Letter we have decided to relocate to the LAND of FRESH AIR & Sheep turds (No, NOT New Zealand). The rise of violence in the city And the cost of living have forced us To find our rural haven. Full of Home brew, home grown & free range rug rats. Board meetings down At the Sheep DIP CLUB have been fascinating encounters, with T.V. Mud wrestling & the Meat tray providing the Highlights. Sorry about the delay in replying to your LAST Letter, Wally Broke his toes drop kicking a sack of Super-phosphate and the Flash floods cut off our Mail for a few weeks. The crops failed in the subsequent drought & Mabel gave Birth to Still Born triplets, Still Life wasn't meant to be Easy! Keep on trucking & watch out for the rough trade in Newtown

..... Lots of Love
EDDIE x

~VOL 1 ISSUE 2
E INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTORS
?O. BOX 1100 STRAWBERRY HILL, 2012

MILES FERGUSON • PETER SCHWAB •
CHAEL GRAHAM • ROGER NORRIS

or be the death of you."
fety. DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

AND YOU can tell this 'MABEL' that She'll be a meat tray if i catch up with HER ... Love Edie xxx xx

# CRAZY HORSE

BY W.D. MCALLISTER

Black curtains of darkness smudge along the tunnel wall the weighty pace of carriage and train ferreted in one opening and out the next. The night sky and electric city scape being the only definition of one tunnel to the next.

Inside the carriage Bryn Boy sat attaching himself to the wall so the repeating rumble entered his body and every vibration took him back to his mother's womb. Her heart beat, the wheel jump from track to track. In summer the heat made the rails meet and the ride became as smooth as cheese. Bryn boys red hair spoke to me about a white man in a strange place, but heat and passion was what a generation of our type is taught. Along the parallel length of furnaced hardened BHP steel a crimson idea floated into his nut head, it flowered and turned to mauve.

My thoughts are with you grandfather ( who was also a red head), and all the other wild men who knew no personal barriers, no brick wall disbelief. A prayer for freedom and luck for a prayer is a thought and of know religious significance.

It takes only one generation to spoil the wild Irish broth, one tame father to add pearl barley and split pea instead of stinging nettle and mint.

From station to station Bryn Boy's heart grew. Fat and vascular it pumped the colour of life. Contracting like an invisible hand crushing jelly again and again. Now his head is dizzy from life.

Bryn Boy has no ticket tonight, there are no inspectors of freedom in his state yet. The pulsing of his surrogate mother stops. The carriage ajoins the platform as it was meant to be and Bryn Boy is born into the night air of Central Station. Walking down the stairs the air of the underground is thicker far thicker then that of what the stars and sky can offer. Under the earth he feels more like a mole toothless and sightless born prey, but knows he is not.

Falling into line behind the other commuters the ticket collector handles the tiny pieces of paper which shape his destiny.

Bryn Boy his hair deep red deeper than ever before looks into the eyes of the ticket man, he has the heart of a horse and Bryn Boy's idea is hot pink.

" Ticket " says the ticket man.

" Ticket " louder says the ticket man.

Bryn Boy's chest is under his chin.

" Ticket " says the ticket man.

" Ticket " he screams.

Ticket men only say one word.

" Ticket " this is a lion's roar.

Bryn Boy stands his eyes never leaving ticket man.

" Ticket " once more almost inaudible in vibration.

Bryn Boy has one fear in his eye.

" Ticket " again Ticket man insists, and Bryn Boy runs.

He releases an animal its not him at all, he releases a hoofed animal galloping towards a light, in his hair there is wind that he hasn't felt since being a child. His legs hit the tiled surfaces of the subway tunnels. This feeling of muscle in boot on cement kisses his senses each thump in pleasure. Bands of muscle fibres stretching and contracting propelling him into the lengthening tunnel. The caged animal released, the animal he didn't know he had captured. Naughty freedom.

At the end of the tunnel the train guards assemble.

" Toll evasion "

" Toll evasion "

" Toll evasion "

They with a two word job. They saw the spirited Bryn Boy stretching a graceful frame of red hair and freckles towards them, so Bryn Boy [haulted for a moment where two mountain gullys meet but saw his well-beloved mountains full in view and ran beneath their stockwhips with a sharp and sudden dash and up into the mountain scrub he flew]. Up the stairs and into the night lights onto the ground owned by the people, the ground of jurisdiction.

Still running from neon light to darkness, street lamp and house his spirit was released. In the blackness a vein of asphalt which should have been savannah grass and mud recoiling the tone of his form, led him to a canyon. Tall walls of square lights which would not guide him easily. He looked at the moon, silver, and knew all of its worth, the stars and sky came together and caressed the pure form he had become.

Even before running into the light he was taken. The strobing blue pierced his heart and red the colour of life of life ran from it. The idea he had born was nurtured and blossomed red. Blood red red is the colour of his freedom.

FRIGID
inquirer...
WILLIAM BURROUGHS
i'd been at that bar in Tangiers for little more than forty-five minutes when I started to realize that things were not as they seemed. there was the taste of narcotics on my lips....

what had started just as a routine investigation..
has quickly become somebody's...
dada overload...
...hey, bartender... another shot of the same.
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TRUTH
LOVE
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All was quiet, the murmurs and whispers of little boy's dreams filled the ceiling of the dormitory.

Little Bartholomew did most love to study his theology when the moon was high above the tiny school..

Tonight was special, Father Kabanavitz had treated the boy, bringing a third bowl of soup in less than an hour.

Once again he politely knocked and entered the homework room where Bartholomew had studied all alone for the last three hours "... yet another bowl father?, surely I do not deserve so special a treat and besides which theology study is falling so behind!"

But there was something about this soup, Father insisted was a magic ingredient, promised to open up the hearts and minds of all, unto the wonders of theological truth

I was beginning to feel dizzy... ..was I tired?, or was it a relapse of those head injuries, from the annual student, teachers rugby match, two weeks before?

"Now be a good boy and drink up! You are a growing boy and you will need all your energy, for tomorrows big exam."

Fathers words now softly shimmered in my ears, as he stood at the entrance, gently closing the door behind him...

"Now Bartholomew, I would like to say how pleased I am with your progress. I feel the time has come for some more advanced, private lessons, and I think right now is a good time to start!"

I knew father had so much he wanted to teach me, I could tell by the way he stood above me, rubbing his hands together and smiling.

"Now I want you to realise, some of the things we are taught are still open to interpretation and that all we have learnt to be bad is, well, not as bad, as we have been led to believe."

You mean father, some sins may, in fact, lead us toward greater divinity

"Yes, yes, yes!" as Kabanavitz sat down, placing his arm around the boy

"that tickles father!, and I'm none so sure what this has to do with theology!"

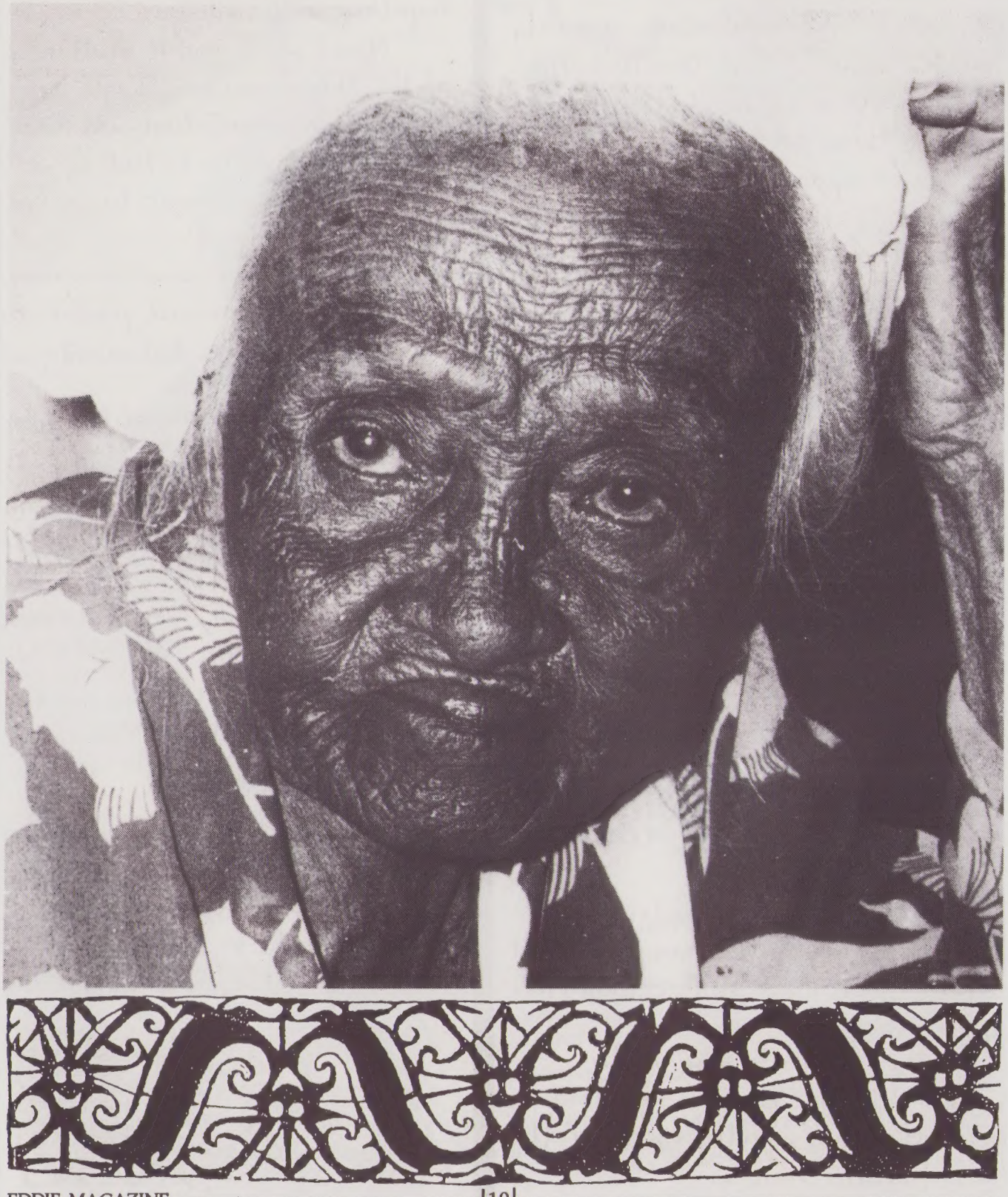
"Shush Bartholomew, for you will soon enter a whole new state of physical being, you must remember, the lord is always behind you."

I remember little of what did happen after, but for a dream, .... there I was, among the fields like a mother cow, feeding my calf.

©Barney '91

# TATTOOS AND OLD WOMEN

BY ALISON MURRAY



The oracle says:

> **"Brilliance regulated by the forces of stability describe the adornments of human society. We observe the ornamental patterns displayed in the Heavens and thereby ascertain the cycle of the seasons. We observe the ornamental patterns in society and comprehend how the processes of change are accomplished everywhere."**

The Apo Kayan is a rain-forested upland region of magik isolation in central Kalimantan, Indonesian Borneo. It is separated from the lower reaches of the Kayan River by the murderous, impassable rapids (the *brem-brem*). And it is the spiritual home of the Kenyak-Kayan peoples, whose women are, or were, the high priestesses of tattoo in Borneo and way beyond.

Since the 19th century, the difficulty and danger of reaching the Apo Kayan, exotic stories of fiercesome headhunters, people with tails, piercing and tattooing etc., have inspired people to go there and then write about it. They always brave the Borneo jungle as though no-one had ever braved it before. Actually, you can fly there, but it is still very strange and squelchy, and hard to recreate chemically in a Marrickville living room.

At the airstrip a crowd of people receiving their cargo of pre-loved cardboard boxes, the women with earlobes down to their tits and tattoos up to their hips, staring at me briefly before drifting away into the forest. Definitely different! The Kenyah are lovely people, but I didn't know then that they are quite shy and speak little Indonesian. They traditionally live in longhouses and practice slash and burn cultivation.

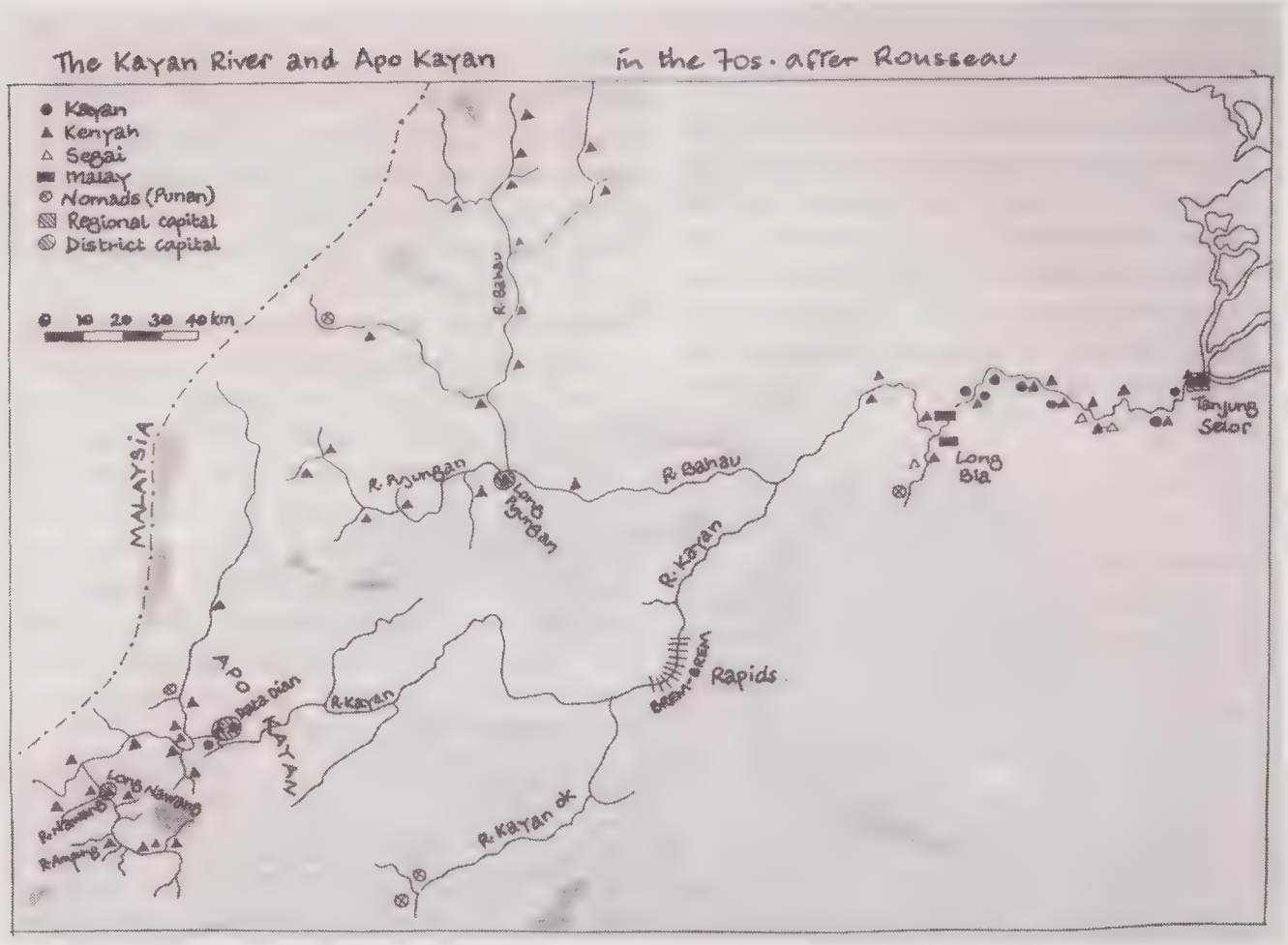
The women spend their days in the fields, far from the longhouse, and drift home at dusk, if they come home, each wearing her huge sun-hat, skirt, trousers, a sarung, several long-sleeve shirts and gum-boots all at once, with a basket on her back carrying vegies, a chain-saw, or a baby in a beaded baby-carrier, wearing its pointy woollen hat.

I wandered around and bothered old women to show me their tattoos. They thought the colours in mine were very pretty, and sometimes set me out on display on the longhouse verandah for everyone to have a look. On Christmas Day on Long Nawang the old women stripped me down and massage away the aches of slogging through the jungle, and gave me a wooden tattoo stencil. I saw a portable battery-powered fairy-lit plastic spruce tree, and after that it was always popping up and blinking festively.

My diary says:

*"More tedious speeches and praise-the-Lord at the village chief's house, with the spruce tree of course. Sometimes the time moves like treacle. Everything becomes of immense insignificance and magnifies a sense of my own worthlessness. I asked God to send a missionary plane and She did, very unexpectedly, and I had to run for it with wet-washing, half-finished beer and bananas. Half-way down the Kayan at a run-down frontier town, its HOT again and I hitched a ride from the airstrip from a well-meaning but hopeless scooter rider, we took a nose-dive. My precious bananas were squashed to pulp....*

*"Up the Bahau to Pujungan in the Chinaman's boat, a long wooden thing with three outboard motors. If the Mahhakam longboat was like being in a sardine can, this one is like being a saltfish laid out to dry in the sun. There are no villages or slash-and-burners so the jungle is stupendously thick and tall and full of swallows and hornbills and monkeys. The river keeps going in rapids and we all have to*




*clamber out. As we went the captain's plastic stick hat blew off and as we turned around to get it we saw a wild pig day-dreaming on the bank. The Dayaks were beside themselves and leapt out the boat with guns and spears and had it stuck and beheaded before you could say cholesterol. Then they couldn't wait to park for the night and roast it up and get drunk.*

*" How many times we re-embarked and got out and unloaded everything and shoved and pulled the boat along and got soaked to the bone in the rain. A girl in the boat made up a song to cheer us along; it went*

*"Under the tarpaulin*
*I'm all wet*
*Oh dear*
*How cold I am."*

Chas. Hose (1906) says:

*"Of the origins of tatu the Kayans relate the following story:- Long ago when the plumage of the birds was dull and sober, the coucal (bird) and the argus pheasant agreed to tatu each other; the coucal began on the pheasant first, and succeeded admirably as the plumage of the pheasant bears witness in the present day; the pheasant then tried his hand on the coucal, but being a stupid bird he was soon in difficulties, and, observing that he would fail miserably to complete the task, he took the black dye and, having smeared it all over his friend, told him to sit in a bowl of samak tan, and, when the coucal did as he was told, flew off remarking that the country was full of enemies, and, therefore, he could not stop; and that is why to this day the coucal has a black head with tan-coloured body."*

19th/early 20th century descriptions give great details about the rituals associated with tattoo, the auspicious times at which it should be done, forms of payment, taboos etc., e.g. Nieuwenhuis 1904: *"a woman cannot be tatued during seed time nor if a dead person is lying unburied in the house, since it is pemali (taboo) to let blood during these occasions; bad dreams, such as a dream of floods, foretelling much blood-letting, will also interrupt the work. A tatued woman may not eat the flesh of the monitor lizard..."* (and so on).

A complete set of tattoos (high-class) takes years to complete, and starts at a young age with the back of the hands. This is followed by the tops of the feet, the forearms and then the legs. The Kayan tattoo very dense designs from the pubic hair to below the knee; the Kenyah include unmarked areas as part of the design and tattoo the lower leg or the whole leg. One leg takes about three days solid work, and the knee-cap is done last and is the most important. There aren't many women left with tattooed knee-caps.

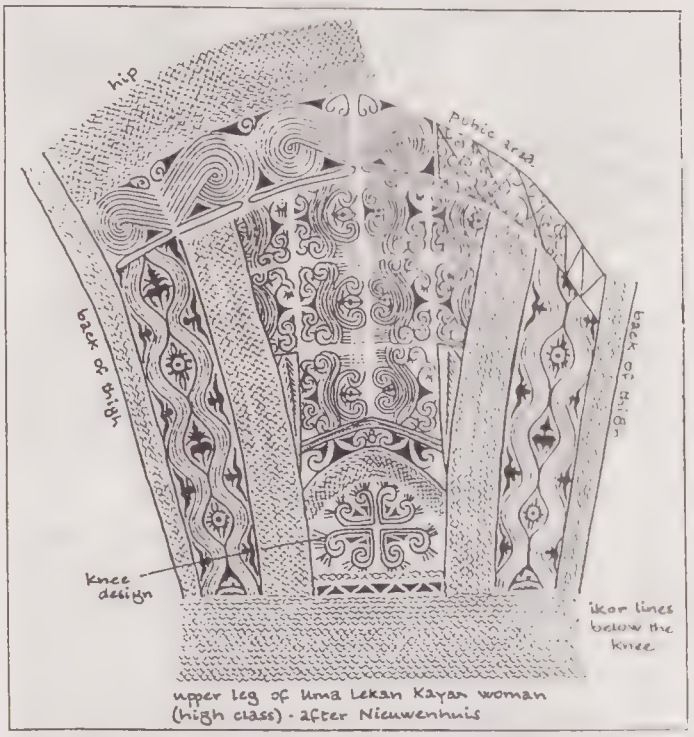
Lines are drawn freehand on the skin first, and then the areas in between filled with pictures printed from wood-blocks. Men carve the designs on the tattoo blocks but it is always the women who do the tattooing and the priestesses who are experts on the significance and quality of designs, and which designs are appropriate for a particular woman. The Kenyah and Kayan societies are (were) highly stratified. A slave girl could only get a simple freehand pattern on the leg. Low-class freeborn women could get stencil designs, and chiefs daughters got the most elaborate ones.

In the process, the subject lies flat on the floor and an apprentice stretches the skin. The tattoo stencil is smeared with pigment made from the damar soot, water and sugar-cane juice (and possibly pig fat; in the Apo Kayan pig fat gets into everything), and printed on the skin. Then it is worked over with a pricker of 3 - 6 needles, rhythmically tapped with a small hammer or striker.

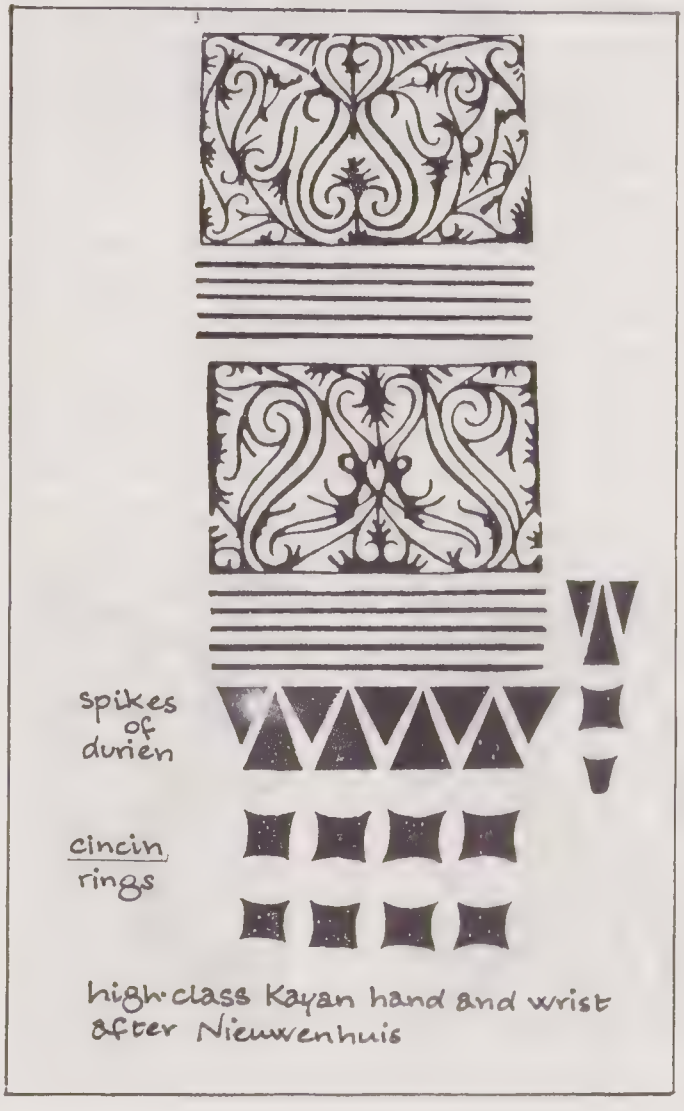
Chas. Hose says:

> *"The operation is painful, and the subject can rarely restrain her cries of anguish, but the artist is always quite unmoved by such demonstrations of woe, and proceeds rhythmically with her task... taking all things into consideration it is wonderful how seldom one meets with a tatu pattern spoilt by scar tissue."*

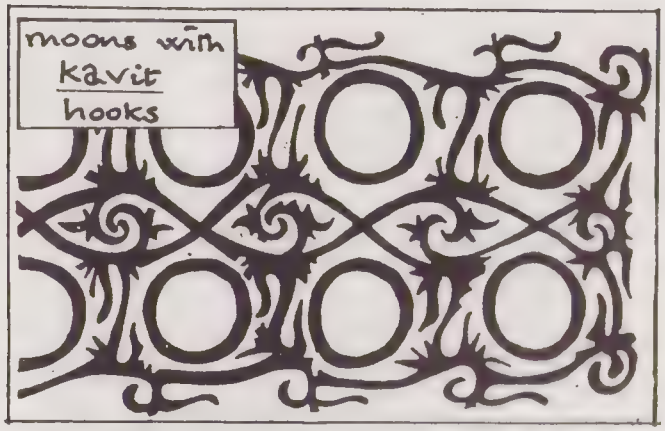
The position of tattoo artist is often hereditary, but may be passed on through apprenticeship. *"An apprentice ... can practice on the dumb and mentally retarded people around the longhouse,"* said Sharon Thomas, who found a few tattoo



upper leg of Uma Lekan Kayan woman (high class) - after Nieuwenhuis



high-class Kayan hand and wrist after Nieuwenhuis




artists still practicing on the Malaysian side of the highlands in 1968. By then there was little ceremony involved and no taboos: money was the main thing. In Kalimantan I didn't meet any women tattoo artists, and the work which has outlived them on the skin of old women won't be around much longer either.

Tattoos were not only the height of fashion, they traditionally distinguish the women of different tribes and different ranks. This is maybe more significant in the next world than this, as tattoos are needed for the "journey of death". The Kayan believe that tattoos act a torches, as everything becomes reversed in heaven, and the darker they are the more light they will radiate. Their tattoos save them from eternal darkness. McBain says that the Kenyah also believe that only tattooed women are allowed to bathe in the River Julan in the next world, and collect the pearls from its bed. An old woman in Long Apan Baru told me that if I was tattoed with Kenyah designs, the Gods would be confused into thinking that I was Kenyah. Sometimes a bridge into the hereafter is mentioned, with a watchman who has to OK the woman's tattoos before she can cross over to be united with the souls of her ancestors.

The freehand lines are called *ikor*, and the zig-zag ones *daun wi*, or rattan leaves. The wood-blocks are called *kalong*, and the designs are never completely symmetrical. They often feature spirals or hooks (*kavit*), which may have been influenced by the Chinese ying-yang symbols. Full moon designs are important, and the most important design is called the dog or *asu*. Hunting dogs are ubiquitous in central Borneo but they don't look much like the pictures. The anthropologist's consensus seems to be that the design represented a mythical dragon used to ward off evil, whose name is taboo. The Long Glat Kenyah have a version called a hornbill (*tinggang*) which may also be mythical, other Kenyah-Kayan groups also have this design and call it *tuang buvong asu*, or tailless dog. The eye of the *asu* on its own becomes a star or rosette.

The *asu* design has been plagiarised and bastardised by men of the coastal Iban people and become known to the rest of the world as the "Borneo scorpion". Chas. Hose was horrified to see Iban youths plastered with *asu* figures: *"this wild and irresponsible system of tatu has been accompanied by an inevitable degradation of the designs ... the dog design run mad"*. Luckily he is dead and doesn't have to see what goes on these days.

Some villages/groups are more famous for tattoo, such as the Uma Kulit women. Tillema says that men are threatened by women's tattoos, and the village chiefs must give their consent for it.

*"But sometimes the women go through with it anyway, without the chief's consent, and then they go to the Ma Kulit, a tribe known for its skilful tattooing of women. They return after a month, after which the village chiefs must be 'cooled down' by giving them a pig ... and a feast must be given which is intended to cleanse ritually all the men and houses from the harmful magic of the women."*

That was in the 1930's. Traditional tattoo and extended earlobes are now banned in Kalimantan by the Government, which is dragging

its primitive little peoples backwards into the All-Indonesia Bullshit Corporation. "The district chief just said 'don't do that anymore', not like the old grandmas," said an old grandma in Long Payau. In the Apo Kayan there are two distinct capitals, although people have been moving out since the 1950's and there are only a few thousand of them left. The further you get from the Indonesian administrative centres, the more tattoos there are, but no women under 30 have them. They just don't feel the same about them anymore.

Tattoos used to be something to be proud of, elegant, sophisticated, with complex meanings and symbolism which were part of women's social identity. Now they are something to be ashamed of, and women have changed their style of dress so their sarungs don't open up the back and show their legs off. Women's status used to derive from making and having tattoos, now this role is lost. The ritual processes involved are described as painful, unhygienic and heathen. The indigenous world-view and deep culture is replaced with the views of Christian missionaries and the "modern" state, and packet culture is created for tourists.

The Kenyak-Kayan designs seem destined to disappear within the next few years, and the "tribal designs" of western cities are only derived from the already derivative Iban scorpion. Amsterdam artist Hanky-Panky says:

*"Every self-respecting punk has a Borneo tattoo nowadays. In just a few years there's probably more people running around outside Borneo with Borneo tattoos than inside ... kids are seeing the new thing and that's what they want. The Borneo scorpion is probably the equivalent of the Black Panther of ten years ago - that's the design you're making all the time now!"*

I ponder while chugging back to sea on a relaxed cargo boat, sharing gin and mangoes with the two crew, through the Kayan delta where the shit hits the sea and the nipa palms like giant feathers sigh to their reflections as the sun takes off her stays and goes to lie behind the mangroves.

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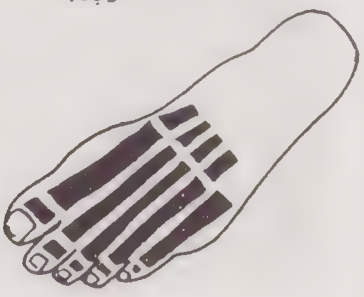
Rosette derived from eye of asu

low class Kayan woman's foot



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# TEXT-URE

After years of berating her for never 'allowing' him the space-time to speak, for not 'allowing' him the authority for self-definition, self-write-ousness, he now berates her because he has forgotten what it was he wanted to say/write. We unpack the lexical baggage and consensual lockers are hard to find.

A woman's outsized breasts lay sprawled over the newstand counter—they are billed as 'the 8th and 9th wonders of the world'. Pale steaks, fish, meat, flesh on display. Sizzling. When I tear the poster from its wire (piece/meal through the grid/grill[e]), the newsman pushes me away and says I am a nut. He might have called me a queer fish. Instead, he calls the police.

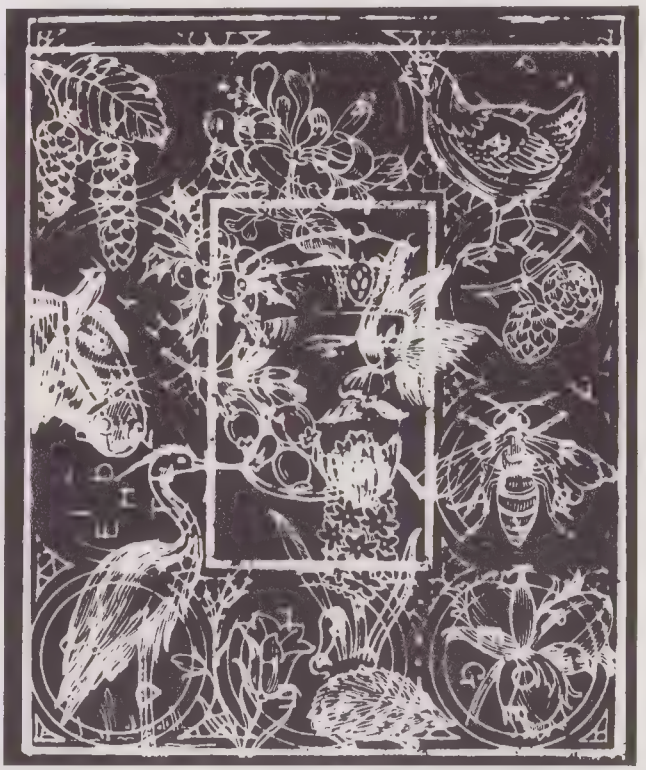
Eccentric—ex-centric, from and fleeing the centre, only to find new circles on circumferences (inferences, interferences), convergent circles. On the rim/line, we realise there are no centres anyway.

Two years ago a man wearing stockings (but not on his legs) entered L's bedroom while she was asleep and raped her. Two years later L calls out in her sleep and cries not to be left alone in the dark. She is 34 and probably will not grow out of it.

Furthermore, if, finding myself in silence with nowhere from which to speak, I take up and name this absence/silence, this naming confers it a unity/identity/presence.

When I get letters from him in Japan (that's him in Japan, not me) he speaks of Nippon, culture, his teaching, lifestyles, his trips home to cycle round the Pyrénées with his parents. Ten years ago he wrote to me of Shelley and Donne. He missed me—did I long for him, too? Now he asks me what it is like living in Australia. (Shall I compare thee to an inner-city suburb, close by the ocean?) Not like living in Japan. The politics of love is transformed into the politics of letter-writing, correspondence—but only our collective past co-responds.

Sometimes the noise from other signals punches the air so much that I cannot decode what you



are saying. Sometimes I cannot decode even (especially) what I am saying/thinking. Is it possible, I wonder, to shortcircuit my own transmitter? Better, surely, to be silent than static.

Centrifugal, fugere, fuir, flee, fly on the wall/rim.
Once I dreamt (though I am not sure it was a dream) I was lying in bed and simultaneously hovering over the bed watching myself. I saw the rumpled bedclothes and the position my body had taken, and I floated across to the

## DK TITMUS

other side of the room. I was lying a few inches above the floor then, but felt I could fly out the window. But when I got to the window I frightened myselves with thoughts of falling and found myself back in bed. My self in bed frightened my self by the window. It felt good to be clear of that other bed-self for a time, at least.

I am sick of the male/diction inside me that

negates my attempts to speak. It will always try to get its cock out and stick it in her mouth. She stumbles and stutters with that flesh that it denies inside her. Biting it off is exactly what it fears she shall do, with its images of castrating women and dark wombs. It has pinned us on its symbols like stuck pigs ready for roasting—take this apple from my mouth, mother—and dipped us in the light/dark of repressed desire. Remove the phallus and the fear or she will lick it dry with the salty tongue/lips that have been muted and far too absent for too long. But I'm only joking and she laughed, and all could see the epiglottic droplet hanging there which some thought looked like foreskin.

He said she was a nut. She could think of nothing more to say than to throw that back on him—'You're the nut,' she said.

To articulate the past historically, we must all write/right history since history is only memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger, unexpectedly singled out by the memory trace. Our memory traces/writes history.

I say we and I am speaking for two. Me and her who knows me and is silent—I am her too, her two, heretofore and four makes many, too numerous for that unitary counting and slotting into closed classes of mutual exclusivity.

She started to write her own history when she was 12, but her mother found it and told her father. They both tried to rewrite/re-right herstory.

We live inside, near the centre, they said. Everyone likes to live near the centre if they can. People here are centripetal—they are attracted to the stable, humming hub. The wheel revolves and they don't like to move too much. He told them their circle is but a point on a line, moving.

My mother asks me why I don't Come Home, Settle Down and Get Married. I reply that I am still writing my story. I tell her that I am too young and she replies that I am already too old. My mother does not know how to fill her menopausal years and looks inside my womb for answers.

He went to call the police and I leapt on a bus leaving the centre (alone).

**In the previous episode Moribund opts for inebriation after missing an appointment with Social Security. Paranoid, amphetamine-addled flat mate, Dave, suspects Mori has stolen his speed. A brief fight ensues and Dave finds himself locked in the laundry basket with some odious objects only to be liberated by comrades Don and Boris from the Stalinist Duck co-operative, who's suspicions that Dave was in peril were aroused by his absence from a chess tournament. Moribund and Phil bear the brunt of some serious physical violence!**

P.C.P
'SPOSE I'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER A COUPLE OF BEERS OR FIVE!
YOU STILL LENDING ME TWEENY BUX?
SURE!
MUCH MUCH LATER...
SHOULD WE BE THROWIN CANS AND SHIT AT THAT BAND??
HEH! HEH! HEH! NAH! WE'S aLREADY BEEN BEATEN UP TODAY!
P.C.P
SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
UNDECIPHERABLE DISTORTION
MIGHT BE WORTH IT THOUGH! SLOOKS LIKE THEIR SINGERS HAD A FARKIN SECTS CHANGE!
...Yeh! AN THEY STILL SOUND LIKE SCHIT!
HEY ISN'T THAT SHARON?!?
SCUSE ME!
?!!
MORIBUND?
OH SHIT!
SMASH!
OH NO!
THATS FOR SCREWING MY GIRL FRIEND MR. ANUS FACE!!!
WHY YOU...
# IN POUNDING TALES #4... REMEMBER?

MORIBUND YOU ASS HOLE!!!
LESS GO WHILE YOU CAN! YOU STUPID SHIT!
WHY?
OH NO YOU DON'T!! YOU WIMP!!!
MORIBUND IN POSTPONED DEADLINE IT
SNAK
NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT DRINKS RIGHT FOLKS?
AN DONT COME BACK! EVA!
OUCH!!
WRONG!
YUP! ADMITEDLY IT WAS A PRETTY FARKIN' STUPID IDEA! but WHAT TH' FOHK!!
TAKE SOME OF THESE! HOPEFULLY I FEEL AND LOOK BETTER FOR D&S TOMMORROW!
SLEEPING PILLS!
BRRiiiNG
SHIT!!
2
RISE AND SHINE!!
WELL YOU BETTER START PAYING ME DANGER MONEY IF YOU'RE GONNA ACT LIKE THAT!

AAH SHiT...
DEATH WARMED UP
AND SO WE FIND MORiBUND MAKING HiS WAY TO THE SOCIAL SECURITY IN A HAZE...
MORBUNDS CULTURAL CRINGE
ART AND STORY MARK MORTE
©1990
VIA A LOCAL TRAIN STATION FILLED WITH EARLY MORNING COMMUTERS...

IT'S SO HOT TOO!
GLOP
ZZZ
ZZZZZ
SUI CIDER
YOU ARE THE TOE JAM THAT SPREADS SO WELL!
Wha?..
SHIT! MUSTA BEEN ASLEEP FER AGES... OH BOY! M' I GONNA BE IN TROUBLE WITH D·S·S!
THE TONGUE OF ALLADIN'S LAMB A TELEVISON THAT DOESN'T ADVERTISE A POLITICIAN WHO DOESN'T LIE!!
PISS ORF YOU!
I HAVEN'T HADDA GOOD DAY...SO CAN IT ...OR... DIE!!
BUT WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW ME! HEH! HEH!

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I... HAVE NO CHOICE BUT.. TO FOLLOW.. ..YOU..
WHAT AM I SAYING?
BIGFUCK DEUS GO DANCE
HEY MORI!!!
WANNA DRINK?
SH..SHA SHARON? DRINK?
BAH!! CURSES!
THE FILTHY HYPNO-FRENIC DISAPPEARS INTO THE BUSY NIGHT STREET, HIS SPELL BROKEN BY THE SHOCK OF SEEING SHARON SO SOON AFTER THE LAST NITES FIGHT
YOU COMIN' DANCIN' WIF US MORI? REAL DEF
BLUB! WHA DANCE?!
THE DEUS GO DANCE! IT'S ONLY $60 MAN!! CRAZY CHEAP!!
IT'S WHAT!
WILT AS THE WILT
HEYY! YOU GOTTA FREEZE UP. BABY! BAD KARMA!
YEH? WHAT'S WIF THE GOGGLES YA GOT ON GUYS?
THEY COME WITH YUM YUM'S™ SNAX! MMMM!
P.C.P
LETS HAVE SOME DINNER YUMMEE!!
YUM YUMS
YUM
USED TA BE SAM'S DINER! OLD SMEGMA BREATH SOLD OUT TO YUM YUMS™... HELLO??
GUYS?
FARKIN ELL! THEY SEEM HYPNOTISED!!
UM YUM
WODDAFARKS WRONG WITH ALLAH YOU?
DOMPA DOMPA - DOMPA DOMPA DOMPA

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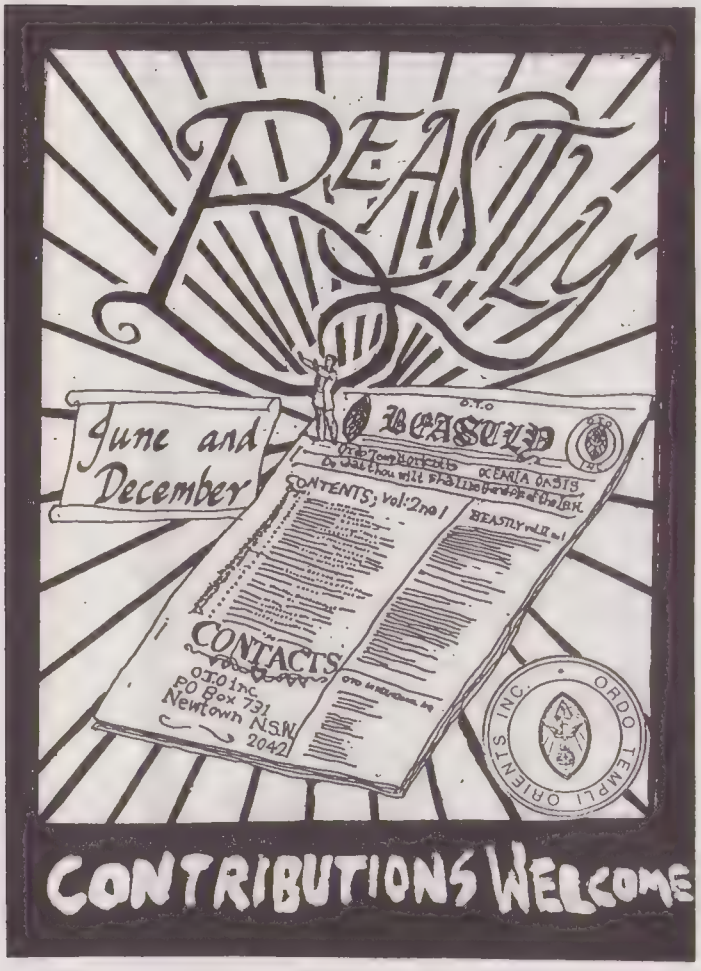
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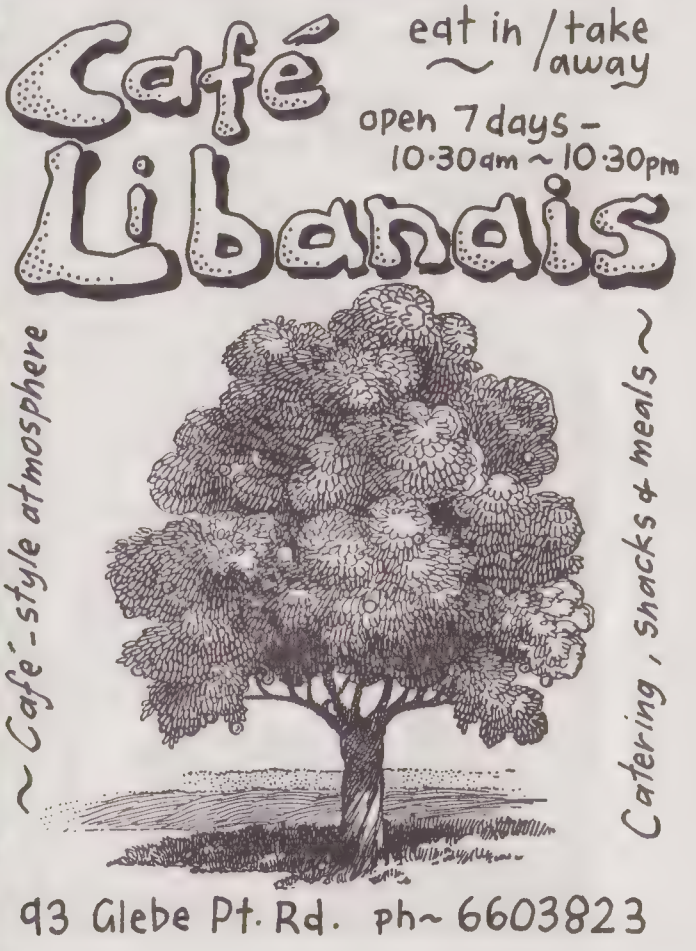
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YESKINIGHELPEYOOYESKINIGHEL!
C#3!
B#3! A#2!
JIST WHATS GOIN ON IN THIS PLACE? DRUGS??
A#1X-BURGER
A#2X-BURGER +FART FRIES...
B#1 SUNBLOC SUNDAE...
B#2 ZIPPY PRUNE JOOSE
THIS WEEKS SPECIAL: FREE GROOVEE GOGGLES
YUM MENU
YESKINIGHELPEYOO?
A#2 B#2
B#2! B#2! B#2!
EVENTUALLY...
YESKINIGHELPEEYOO?
YEH! A BURGER WIF THE LOT!! NONE OF THAT MASS PRODUCED SHIT OF YOURS!!
YESSIR! C#3 THAT WILL BE $5 SIR!
OUTSIDE ONE BITE LATER
SONOVABITCH!!
HEY MORI!
BLECH!
SPLASH!
BLURK!
RUBBISH
STOP TRYIN' TA RUNAWAY FROM US ALLATIME!
YEH! WE GOT YOU A TICKET FOR YOU GIVEN TO US! DEUS GO DANCIN'
C'MON DUDE!!
C'MON YERSELF! CANTCHA SEE 'M' SICK DED HEDS?
BUT WE GOT SOME TICKETS!
MORI RELENTS ONLY TO BE HARRASED AT THE DOOR BE A STYLE ENFORCER.... GOSH!
WHERES YOUR PATENT LEATHER DR MARTIAN PLATFORMS CREEP?!!
OH! HE'S WITH US OFFICER!
ARRGH! FULL MOON 10/3/90

THE WORLD IS WONDERFUL AND THERE'S NOTHING WRONG! TAKING OUR DRUGS AS THE BEAT GOES ON.. EVERY BODY WIGGLES TO THIS SHIT HOUSE SONG! EVERY CLONE'S DANCING TO OBLIVION!
SCHIT! THIS PLACE IS PACKED!
BRAINWASHED BY MUZAK FOR THE 1990'S / WE'RE MIDDLE CLASS YUPPIES LEARING TO DO THE RIGHT THING!
WHY IS EVERY BODY STARING AND SMILING AT ME??!
...Whut?
GRAB
GRAB!
DOING THE RIGHT THING IN OUR FASHION VICTIM SET WE ALL GO DANCING WHEN WE'RE OUT OF IT
THIS IS GETTING BEYOND A JOKE! JEEZ!
WE'RE THE ONE'S TOLD WHERE IT'S AT BY A MIDDLE CLASS D.J. GETTING RICH AND FAT!!
IF YOU GET DEPRESSED YOURE HISTORY OR YOU TAKE LOTS OF DRUGS LIKE SPEED AND X-T-C!
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE??!
HOLY SHIT! IT'S OL' EXCREMENT HEAD FROM TH' STATION TODAY!
WE'RE ALL NIGHT CLUBBING SUCCESS STORIES!!!
HEED OUR CALL, TAKE THIS SACRIFICE AS A NICE WAY OF APPEASING YOUR APPETITE.. DEITY OF THE
BANK CARD HEAR US NOW! ee!AH!OOH!
ARRGH!
...AND FASHION CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM

IS THIS THE END?
8
IS THAT ALL?

# GOIN' SOUTH FOR THE

## JUDY BACKHOUSE

So I hit Memphis on Saturday and the first thing the guy across from me on the shuttle says is "Lady, how come you're just comin' in when everyone else is just leavin'?"

Well excusez-moi, I've just come to see Al Green! but it seems all the rest of the mid-South is expecting the greatest earthquake in history. It's due on Monday and everyone who can is getting out of town fast.

Everyone except me, that is. I mean, am I going to let a little greatest earthquake in history stop me from seeing Al Green? I mean, let's be serious.

I proceed to rent the obligatory cadillac and find myself already participating in the inevitable opening Memphis rituals as the lady in the mink next to me turns to me and says "Y'all know Elvis is ALAAAAHVE..."

I listen with interest to her story, which is backed up by incontrovertible facts. It seems her cousin knew one of Elvis' bodyguards...

She's barely out the door when the clerk behind the counter withers her back with a deprecating look and assures me, "Ma'am, Elvis is DAID!" It seems his cousin knew one of the bodyguards.

Is this a town one can leave so easily? Rating "Survival: O to Memphis Ambience: 10", I check into a motel, then drive to the nearest shopping mall to stock up on earthquake paraphernalia water, torch, batteries, Hershey bars. Should get me through the earthquake, I think.

Well, it may in all likelihood do that, but man, there's just no way of preparing anyone for Al Green's church. Even the earthquake wouldn't survive Al's fire! Certainly I was totally consumed over four flame-filled hours.

Its small, plain and has weathered badly since I was last there. There's nothing stylish about it, which, when you think back to Al's pre-God glambo days, is a bit of a surprise. The congregation is your regulation gorgeous black Southern Baptist, no more, no less.

What strikes one here instantly though, is that the social component is only mild to moderate. These people are definitely here to hear the Word - in fact a lot of them have been here since early morning for the Sunday School. And the Word, as spoken by Al, is HOT - genuine, intensely personal, easy to relate to. Al's been there and done that and he knows how we're feeling. He's got through to a lot of joy, too, and when he starts to speak out about it, it's not long before he breaks into a song - that's when the alchemy takes place and the congregation ignite, leap, shout and faint in their own ecstasy.

A dozen women in white nurses' uniforms hover around the room, taking care of whoever has 'caught the spirit'. They form a circle around them, to make sure they don't hurt themselves. The look

# WINTER

on the person's face is a mixture of bliss and agony. Some inner process is clearly taking place, which affects everyone in the room and the intensity mounts.

The singing, moaning and shouting build to a crescendo, then suddenly everything goes silent - the wave has broken. People sink back into themselves with a look of exhausted fullness and there's a respite until the next round.

Four hours and several stages of advanced ecstasy later, I stagger out in a gospel-induced satori. Driving irreverently down Elvis Presley Boulevard, I callously ignore Gracelands: Elvis' big jet the pink caddy - nothing can tempt me. I am now a woman driven, headed for Dinner in a Soul Food Diner which I will shortly discover is otherwise known as Vegetarian Hell.

We've all heard of Soul Food, yeah, it sounds great, and I'm sure it tastes great. Especially if you're keen to end up looking like a pig on steroids.

What they DON'T tell you is that everything, and I mean everything, has at least one pig's trotter or meat-riddled rib sticking out of it (or into it). The greens, the grits, the whatever the dreaded jowls are - nothing is safe. I can't exactly isolate the "soul" factor in pigs, but it must be in there somewhere, as it is the main feature on every menu.

So much for the culinary component in this article - don't bother looking for any titillating recipes for gumbo here! I'm taking a hard vegetarian line, chillun.

The next day I ferret out from the local paper ("The Commercial Appeal" !) that there is a programme at the First Church of Zion, a testimonial to Miss Charmaine Smoot, one of the Deaconesses. They're always giving each other testimonials - it's great. You get to dress up, sing a lot, and its only a dollar in the plate - a lot cheaper than other forms of group therapy!

I front up and squeeze into a small, packed church, wedging myself between a magnificently robust black woman whose lurex frock is undergoing a severe strain-trial, and a radiant child with her pigtails in the cornrows of current fashion. Ten groups sing up large and the house goes wild over and over again. People scream. I am getting the goods.

From there I head to the bar at the Peabody, the most traditionally sumptuous hotel in the South, to see Miss Ruby Wilson sing the Blues.

I sit at the bar drinking microwaved Earl Grey and feeling my subtle-body raunched out by this volcanically earthy singer. Perhaps this is what they meant by the earthquake? And she's not even famous! She's so GOOD - how DO you get to sing like that, will somebody please tell me! Do you HAVE to be poor and black??

Oh well. Its 1 a.m. Another of the eternal questions remains unanswered. I think its time I went home and turned on the cable TV. I've had a great day. Now what'll I do tomorrow?

Epilog: The earthquake did not eventuate. But anyway, by Monday I was in Nashville. Next issue - "Gnashing my teeth on bluegrass in Nashville."

# EDDIE

IN WITH THE IN SHROUD

# THE MISADVENTURES OF PORKY PIRANHA

## OR
## LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS

### BY STEVE RICHARDS

Pursued by a plethora of puking pilchards, Porky Piranha plunged perceptively past Peter the Pike to a position partially protected by a portion of pink pumice and a parochial proto-plant.

Breathing wetly, he considered his position. Short of being absolutely disgusting, everything seemed downright disgraceful. After years of consuming effort, conviction, conviviality, commodiousness and copulation, he had been flatly rejected for the highly finny honour of being first fish on the sun. And all because some vicious scale scratcher had spread a ruinous epithet to the effect that Porky was a vegetarian; which would ultimately result in the putrification of his pecker.

Nibbling a nearby newt, Porky Piranha pondered his options.

1. Eat everything in sight.
2. Harness gases from the fore-mentioned revengeful indulgence.
3. Expel the afore-mentioned forces in one huge explosion.
4. Rise to fame as a result of the ensuing World Water Speed Record.
5. Slow down before falling off the world.
6. Spread a vicious rumour to the effect that the sun was extremely hot and a nasty place for fish.
7. Beat up a mollusc.
8. Squirt on a squid.
9. Commit suicide.
10. None of the above.

Perplexed and perpendicularly protracted by the plu-perfect participle"to pickle", Porky got plastered on a passing parade of Portuguese Port fish. Alas, his ballast baulked at this barrage of asinine and amoral alcoholism, rendering our little fishy friend unpleasant, unfortunate and up-side down. From this position, geometrically speaking, one sees the world in a different light and to a doubly wet brain like Porky's, any passerby looks extremely silly and worthy of insolent innuendos and virulent verbals, such as:-

"Ya muva swims up to fish hooks."
"Ya fava shags water-beetles."
"Ya ain't a dogfish for nothing."
"Ya got a brain like a mollusc's memory."
"I'll take ya apart ya scaly ol' fart."
"Get a mullet up ya."

Which, in time, in accordance with Cousteau's 213th Law of Chromo-Marine Dynamics and Trilobitoplasti, led to a violent and bubbly encounter with a surly and completely sullied gang of sludge-fuckers, who, once their minute mental-management had grasped this impression of aqueous abstraction in a pixilated and unproper position, preceded to pummel the Be-Jesus out of our berserk little bastion of blasphemy and be-drenched burlap.

NOTHING!

Then, slowly, blearily, like a barnacle's beer-fest, images, sounds, smells and sensations pushed, shoved and generally sold themselves to Porky's long-quiescent and particularly narky consciousness, which, little known to the piranha, for the last zillion years had been occupied by a severe case of cranial coagulation and a deep foreboding regarding the word 'basalt'.

Yes friends, Porky the Piranha was a star, the most important role-model for young vertebrates - in fact, a fossil! Yes truly; the world's first palm-reading fossil to be sure! A paragon of plutonic perfidy, a remonstrance of rhombic rigidness and a calcium carbonate chorus that sang - NOTHING IS REASONABLE.

And avast ye, a long line of black unbelievables stretched from horizon to horizon under a violet sky that heaved and wallowed with all the voluptuousness of a plague boil. As the cadaverous centipede of callow cabanassi passed Porky's porcelain and perspex penitentiary, each extended a meagre and mossy member, maligned with morticious metacarpals and muttered in mellifluous monotone:

"Oh moribund maritime mudcake, curl back your titular visage, show me the haircut of God and grace this, thy speck, with your specious syllogisms

and songs
of sod -
FROM WHERE DID I
COME AND WHERE
WILL I GO?

Now, omniscience is one of the fortes of a divinely buggered and fossilized Piranha - thus armed (in fact compelled) by the fist of God, Porky, the pinnacle of Piranha posturing, remarked:

"Bollocks to you, billiard ball!"

"Go stretch a duck's neck and stick your head in an anthill."

"If you didn't ask so many infuriatingly puerile questions, you'd know everything there is to know! NOW GET TO THE END OF THE LINE you snivelling sarcophagus sniffer!"

And so on and so on and so bloody on until one day, Thoth, the angel of speech defects, mixed some improper pronouns with a juxta-imposed super-equivocalation, a disaster of dictal diameter, whose reverberations removed the miscreants cranium flaps to co-ordinates unmapped in the mind of God.

The quest for these absconding celestial orbs is another story, dear reader: of how Porky the Piranha kidnaps the lobes of Thoth; of how that bronchial heaver, Derrick Derriere and his collection of water-proof beans politicize the palm-reading block of basalt into unspeakable acts of prefabrication, prevarication and whelking!

Stay tuned for the next looming legend - Louie the Lampost meets the fists of God!

big ed's tatt corner
Myrtle put her tatt on her wrist and gazed at it by the hour
DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR
MUM
SCRATCH OR NOT TO SCRATCH

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**Conditions of Entry:**

- This competition is open to anyone not born in Irymple, Victoria.
- Any employees or relations of employees of Cadbury Schweppes past, present or future need not bother entering.
- If under 18 you need to have a letter from your mum or a good fake I.D. (for more info, ring EDDIE).
- The judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into unless Kingsford Smith comes into the equation in a big way.

Winning tatt' to be featured in next issue of **EDDIE**, once the scabs have healed!

**Also next issue** - all you've ever wanted to know about Laser Tattoo Removal by guest expert, Geoffrey Edelsten.

Don't miss out - Subscribe to **EDDIE** now.

# PAULINE CHAN . . . FILM MAKER

BY IVANKA SOKOL

*Pauline Chan (right) directing a scene from* Dusty Hearts

I.S.: People in Australia have had a chance to see some of your work through Festivals and, with "Hang Up", through the television screen on Eat Carpet. When and where do we get to see "Dusty Hearts"?

P.C.: At the moment I don't think many people will get a chance to see it in Australia because it hasn't been accepted by any of the festivals for short films. After the Film School Public Screenings, the film festivals are more or less the only places in Australia, besides Eat Carpet on SBS, that offer exposure of short films to a general audience. We have not had much luck with it in Australia this year.

I.S.: Two of your short films were screened around the world last year. What was that experience like for you?

P.C.: For a start it was totally unexpected. I made these little films and enjoyed making them, the process was a reward in itself. I really didn't expect them to go places.

As a matter of fact it was the A.F.C. and a film critic from France, M. Pierre Rissient, who spotted the films and submitted them to the Cannes Film Festival. Naturally I was overwhelmed by this great fortune, but more importantly I felt I had justified the trust of my cast and crew in me as a director. I felt

perhaps I hadn't wasted their time. It may be embarrassing to say this but every project I have done, I always feel that I am indebted to a lot of people for their commitment and faith in the project. Especially with a film like "Hang Up", I felt that I was asking a lot from the actors to put their trust and faith into what we were doing.

Now on a more personal level. When I was accepted by the AFATVS, I had already been working for a few years within the industry, acting, assistant directing and other crew roles, I then had to convince my family and friends that I knew what I was doing in quitting the workforce and becoming a student again.

I convinced my family that it would be difficult but worthwhile, eventually, for me to pursue a higher education and an opportunity for me to do something for myself. Actually, I wasn't so certain about that myself. I was determined and totally committed, but these alone aren't enough; I didn't know if I had what it takes to be a film-maker; I didn't know if I had the talent required. There is always fear and doubt in my mind, you sometimes feel so insecure doing what you want to do.

So the acceptance by the film festivals was a recognition that boosted my confidence, and rewarded my family's support.

I.S.: So what was the reaction like to the films?

P.C.: It was really fantastic. Beyond my dreams. Especially in New York which is a very important and selective festival, the reaction to my films was very encouraging and complimentary.

I was very frightened presenting my films in person, I don't know what I would do if they hissed and booed, which has been known to happen. After the screening you have to stand in the spotlight to accept the applause (or receive the rotten eggs that they throw at you), but the reception was extremely good and everybody laughed in all the right places in the film.

I.S.: Why do you think there hasn't been any response in Australia to "Dusty Hearts" as yet?

P.C.: I think its length was a bit of a problem, the fact that it is 30 minutes long makes it difficult to fit into a festival programme, or to be featured as a pre-feature short in commercial theatres.

I.S.: Can you talk about the making of "Dusty Hearts"?

P.C. "Dusty Hearts" was much longer and therefore harder to make than my last film "Hang Up" which is seven minutes.

The theme was also very different to anything I had done before - abroad comedy. It was shot in the outback without proper resources and without professional assistance..... We faced a lot of obstacles and challenges, but we managed to pull it together.

I am interested int he process of making the film, what it does in the end is secondary. Of course when you make something you want it to be successful, to be seen by many people, but it is not the most important part, not when it is a student film. I wanted to take risks, to experiment with ideas, to stretch myself, to test my own limits, to learn about myself. That's why I went to the Film School, and "Dusty Hearts" was an opportunity.

A friend said to me once that when you climb to the top of the mountain its just a flat top. It is the climb itself that is the most interesting part. For me making a film is a journey, a journey with a number of people together, and a journey for each of these people individually. You might start a project with a line of a joke, an idea or whatever, with someone or even by yourself, and then it continues to grow and change, you find more and more companions on the journey until the film is completed... Some of these companions might stay on longer and become part of your life... I feel that the theme of "Dusty Hearts" is a symbol of that.

Its about a man's journey in finding himself and on the way he finds many interesting people, real people, people with hearts. I share this man's experience through the making of the film - I met a lot of talented and committed people working on this film. Half of the crew took on roles that they had never tried before; and had very limited resources to work with; it was a miracle that we ever made it to Broken Hill. But the lack of experience and resources didn't matter in the face of determination and creativity.

It was really inspiring to see so many people working really hard together to make things

happen. I really hope everyone of us feel some kind of pride for achieving what we did.

I.S.: What film makers have inspired you?

P.C.: I grew up in Vietnam and I saw more Asian films than Western films. I was exposed to Chinese film and theatre particularly, because my mother was involved in the theatre.

I like many peoples' work- Kurasawa, Polanski, David Lynch ( though I didn't like "Wild at Heart" too much), I like films that explore the depths of personal relationships, the hearts and souls of individuals. I am interested in human minds and behaviour, particularly the darker side of things.

I.S.: Your films to date do deal with the darker side - alienation, isolation and, with your last one, rejection. Why do you think this has become part of your interest and creative expression?

P.C.: I guess I was attracted to those themes because I have felt like an outsider in Australia. Though interesting and fascinating, it is a foreign culture, a strange land, I do feel alienated and isolated a lot of the time. Working with these films helps me understand my own feelings, perhaps.

I.S.: Film-making is an obsession. There is so much detail and money involved that you have to be an addict to put yourself through it. So once this obsession has a hold of you and there is no longer the opportunity at A.F.A.T.V.S. available to you, how do you go about making films?

P.C.: Every year the film school graduates approximately 15 new graduates, and there are many other new artists who don't go to the film school and want to make films, but there aren't many organisations where you can find financial support so its pretty hard getting a project up.

For me the most important thing is believing in what you really what you want to do, because it is a hard battle to get anything going, so you had better be sure the project you have involved yourself in is something very dear, very special for you, ready to fight for it, to slave for it, for a long period of time. Otherwise you would soon lose your enthusiasm and your strength, and lose the battle.

Born Vietnam -
Moves to Hong Kong in her teens - works successfully as an actor.

1982 Migrates to Australia. Works as an actor, children's television researcher, casting consultant for Multicultural Casting Agency; Assistant Director for Film Australian where she also co-directed a 75 minute documentary.

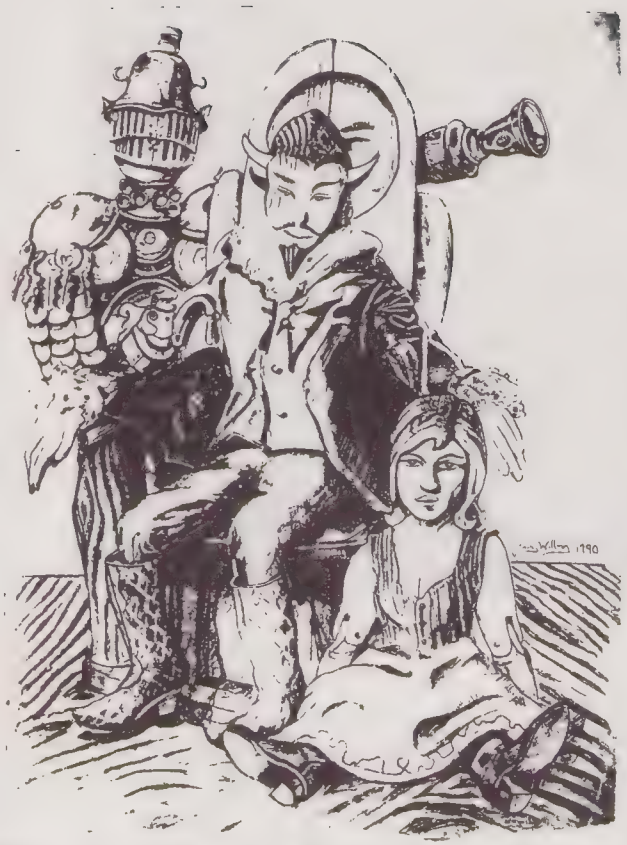
1986 Becomes a student at Australian Film and Television School, majoring in direction and editing.

1989 Defers third year to finish post-production on 2nd Year film "The Space Between the Door and the Floor"; also makes a 75 minute film called "Hang Up".

1990 "Hang Up" and "The Space" are invited to Cannes and numerous other festivals around the world. Graduates from A.F.A.T.S. with a 30 minute short entitled "Dusty Hearts".

1991 "Hang Up" is bought by Propaganda Films America (the producers of David Lynch's "Wild at Heart" and "Twin Peaks".

"Dusty Hearts" is invited to be screened at HOF Festival (Germany), London International Festival, Turina Festival (Italy), and Madrid Festival, where they have a special programme, Short Films by Pauline Chan, which will include "Dusty Hearts", "Hang Up" and The Space Between the Door and the Floor".



# VON TRAMP FAMILY PUPPETS

In the beginning I built the devil. At first just a carven head with a Van Dyke beard but then a strange notion occurred, I added horns.

The little head was hung up upon the wall. It remained there for many months. Often I would catch it looking at me, and then one day I thought I heard him say, "Whence comes my body."

So in a fevered frenzy full of laughter I proportioned a body from my own out of sticks, leather and glue.

When my girlfriend arrived home she was impressed. From the shelves I pulled a book and pawed through the prints until I had found my man. There in full colour was a painting full of satans. It was El Greco's "Burial of Count Orgaz."

So she tailored for Satan the suit of one of the most evil men of history, a Jesuit priest of the inquisition. To this was added a pair of wicked looking, pointy toed, snakeskin cowboy boots.

We hooked up his strings. He looked mean, he looked evil, he looked positively evil but from the very first he said different.

"No, I'm not evil. For thousands of years I've put up with this persecution and now that I've manifested myself I've got something to say. I'm not really the bad guy."

Satan hung around for a long time for it took time to learn how to articulate him, to make him walk and talk but once I'd mastered it he thought it was time to have some friends. "After all" he said, "I'm only two foot high and I need some company my own size." And thus the metal man began.

He had an old light fitting for a head busted out of tune harmonica reeds for a visor, one hand a bell, the other an old Opium pipe. Finger cymbals for tits, drug scales for hips and an oil can for a dick. Two and a half years and over a hundred moving metal parts later he was born. He burst into action all bells a ringing and metal shaking.

"I was on my way to see the wizard" he said "when I ran into this Satan guy". The metal man was one well hung highly strung precision instrument but Satan wasn't satisfied.

"That metal man's a crackpot, I want a woman, a can can dancer. Build me a woman." I argued with him, it was just to much work. Puppets take such a long time to build and tune but day by day his demands grew greater. He didn't care that besides his theatre my painting had ceased, my bronzes lay uncast, new records uncut. My life was in disarray but I gave in to his whims. I built the theatre, I built his throne and I carved the can can dancer.

Ginger Dreadlocks was carved from an old bed head that I found on the side of the road. Every inch of her was

lovingly shaped and curved. Michelle made her corsets & lace petticoats, fishnet stockings and boots. She was one dressed up, sexy puppet but she couldn't seem to dance.

"Don't worry about it", said the devil. "For her soul I'll teach her how to dance for her soul I'll make her a star."

Satan's demands were getting out of hand. He wanted motorbikes with Hells Angels, chickens, bats and hellcats. A horse that ran away from the merry go round, guitar players and sooth sayers. Plus, to lug it all around in he wanted me to get a horse and cart, he was definitely insane.

"We must spread the word- you must take me out in the street and spread the word of the devil." Satan preaching the word, it sounded very similar to Jesus and his trip so I asked him: Satan, do you want to be as big as Jesus?"

"Not as big as Jesus, bigger is the word. I'm gonna be bigger than Elvis, even bigger than Mickey Mouse!"

"And instead of Mouseketeer ears the kiddies get horned hats", I replied.

"What a great idea", said the devil. So we went out into the world and started spreading the word and then one day while busking on a street corner a stranger asked me,

"Who's pulling the strings, are you pulling the devils or is the devil pulling yours?"

and sometimes I wonder about it, just who does pull the strings, and

Sometimes I wonder about my soul.

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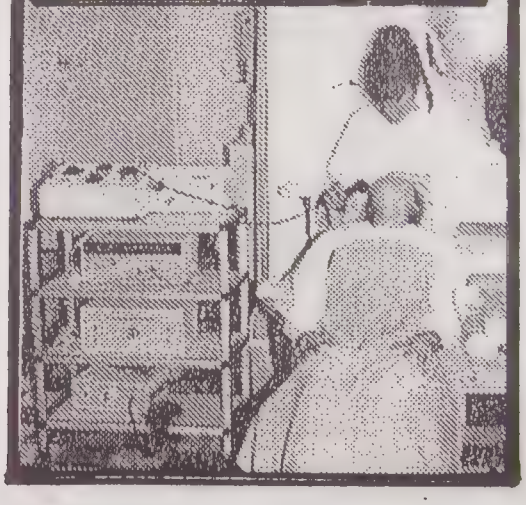
# EARTH CREATURES ARE EXCELLENT INCUBATORS

written BY LISA CULLEN & TASTEFULLY illustrated by MORTE -



Once upon a time ...

aliens descended upon this earth in the form of big hairy cab drivers in the city of Sydney. The nasty, evil, vile creatures went around mowing poor, innocent, helpless earthlings down all over the city. Taken to the hospitals and drugged, these poor victims were all informed that they would need some form of bone surgery.

Unbeknownst to all, the sneaky little alien critters had come into the hospitals all over the world and snatched the bodies of the good and caring health professionals and replaced them with the alien locust abortion technicians. In the mean time the patients were put to sleep so they would not suspect the merciless butchery perpetrated on their bodies. While these patients dreamed their happy, carefree, psychedelic dreams, they could not even imagine the unspeakable horror, the seeds of this abomination planted in their own fragile bones. Months later, thinking they were fully healed, these poor humans were told that once again they would need to be sliced open ..... Unquestioningly they endured the seemingly "mandatory" surgery.

One such hapless soul, we'll call her "Sleaza", was under-going this second violation of her bod, when she awoke to discover the hideous lie. As she peered down at her shoulder she nearly vomited, observing a slimy, green, foul-smelling, pulsing thread hanging out of her collarbone. The grotesque monster-physicians pulled at poor Sleaza's bones and she watched, paralysed, unable to fight or run away.
Suddenly she heard an awful splintering sound
SPLURT!
ABORT ME
, and looked over in time to see them liberate an evil, squirming creature from her formerly creamy-white shoulder. She looked up to see the white ghastly faces, leering hideously at each other as they all screeched at the top of their lungs "Hurrah, the Mother of our species on the Earth is born!! These creatures are excellent incubators."
Meanwhile, back in Sydney, the big hairy cabbie creatures all snickered to themselves as they received the news telepathically. One by one they rounded the corner to pick up their next unsuspecting Human.
As the helpless and exhausted Sleaza laid back on her pillow, frozen with shock, the paralysing horror dawned on her as she realised the fate of her species....
Mankind was doomed.

# YOUTH VIOLENCE:

## STATISTICS, MYTHS AND COLOUR GANGS

### BY PETER SCHWAB

Colour Gangs. Youth Violence. Gay Bashings. Race attacks. Shootings and armed robberies. Schools burnt to the ground. Heroin-crazed thieves. Muggers.

The headlines and the catch-phrases change from month to month but the theme remains the same - violent crime is out of control with youth at the forefront attacking anyone who is vulnerable. Society is collapsing; gangs of youths roam the streets of the inner-city and inner west, no where is safe. We need more police. Longer prison sentences. Bigger guns.

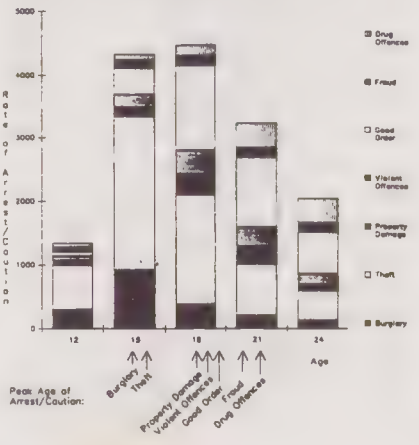
The statistics seem to back this up. Reported crimes for Australia have risen by almost two-thirds, from 845,923 in 1980-1981 to 1.41 million in 1988-1989* (all statistics from the Australian Institute of Criminology). While bare statistics need be treated with some caution due to problems associated with the official reporting, definition and recording of violent crimes like serious assault and sexual assault, the trends are all significantly upward.

An Australian Institute of Criminology Trends and Issues paper released last year supports the view that it is young people who are responsible for most crime. As the table below right from "Understanding Crime Trends in Australia" shows, certain types of crime appear to be most prevalent among certain age groups. Starting off with the peak age of arrest or caution for property offenders in Australia being only 15 years, and violent offences peaking at about 18 years of age.

And while things are reportedly getting worse nationwide, the old inner-city suburbs seem to be copping most of the shit; Redfern muggings; Marrickville Colour gangs; a spate of murders of and assaults on gay guys; two in Alexandria Park, one by a group of youths who found the victim's phone number on a toilet wall, called him up and then beat him to death.

It makes you wonder whether its worth stepping outside the front door any more. Why not order another home delivery dinner, work by computer from home, and unleash "Frisky" your oh so cute Pit Bull Terrier and give him the freedom of the grounds - "He bit your kid's face off? Well that will teach him to keep coming round here and asking for his ball back!"

*Figure 1:* Comparative Rates of Arrest/Caution for Non-Traffic Offences Persons aged 12, 15, 18, 21 and 24 years (per 100,000 per annum)




Are Pit Bulls, more police (the 15 years between 1973-4 and 1987-88 have seen a 59% increase in the number of uniformed police in Australian police departments) and longer prison sentences the solution, or, as the recent ABC documentary "Cop It Sweet" showed in relation to Aborigines and the law, are we getting the wrong information about youth violence and criminals, Colour Gangs and muggers?

"There is a big myth about violence and young people," said Shane Brown, South Sydney Council Youth Worker.

"The suggestion is that young people are more violent than adults, and the reality is that they are not as violent at all," Shane said.

"Because adults don't understand young people they find it easy to label them as being violent."

"The reports about 'Colour Gangs' was a lot of shit," said one inner west youth worker.

"As far as I'm concerned it could have been one of the greatest advertising campaigns that Reebok ever invented.

"The number of times that name appeared in the press in stories about 'Colour Gangs': do they need to do any other advertising?"

Respected criminologist Paul Wilson, when Acting Head of the Australian Institute of Criminology, said "much of the public concern about apparent rising increases in crime has been generated by over-simplistic interpretations of crime statistics in the last twenty years or so."

He was talking about the Institute's paper, "Understanding Crime Trends in Australia", by John Walker and Monika Henderson.

The report stated that "research conducted in Australia and overseas sug-

gests that, although worrying, .... rising crime figures may be due to a short-term trend in population growth, together with some familiar changes in society ".

Walker and Henderson argue that three things are distorting our image about crime: an "echo" of the "Baby boom" and immigration of the late 1940s and 1950s means that the middle to the end of the 80s saw a peak in the number of adolescents and teenagers, those they believe are most likely to commit crime; secondly that changes in society has led to more opportunities to commit certain types of crime; and thirdly the way certain types of crime are portrayed by the media and the way that the media, government and community react to crime statistics, has given a false impression of what is happening "out there".

Walker and Henderson believe the "baby boom echo" affects the picture because certain types of crime appear to be most prevalent among certain age groups. In 1971 there were 465,153 15 and 16 year old Australians; their numbers peaked at 579,854 in 1987 - an increase of 25%. In 1989 their numbers declined 544,021. It has been precisely during the period of the "baby boom echo" passing through adolescence into adulthood that statistics record the increase in reported crime.

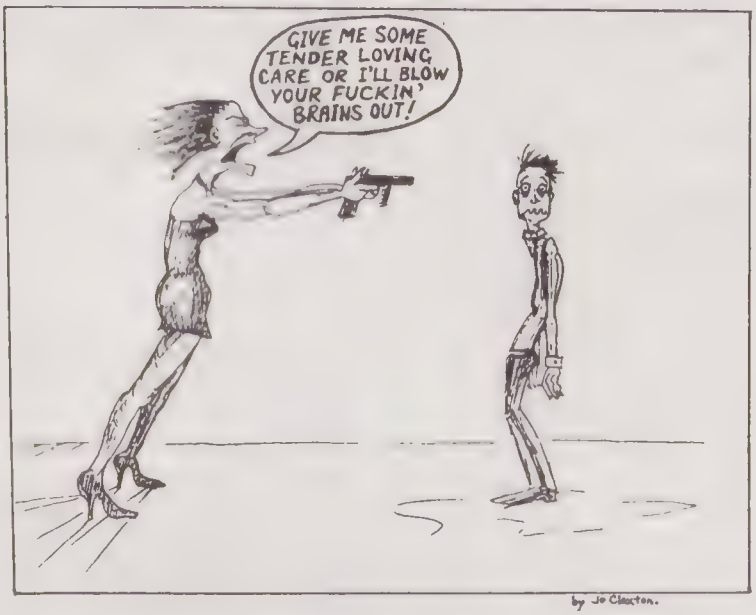
Before getting carried away with the line that young people commit most crime and its only that there is a peak in youth numbers at the moment that the crime rates have gone up, we must look at how these figures are reached.

According to the Youth Justice Coalition, a group funded by the Law Foundation of NSW, "Crime statistics distort the picture of juvenile crime in comparison with adult crime."

The Coalition issued a report, "Kid's and Justice: A Blueprint for the 90s", at the beginning of 1991.

It gave a list of reasons as to why statistics can distort the picture.

It stated that young people are probably more likely than adults to be caught. They tend to commit offences in group so that for one offence there are a number of offenders. They commit offences that have a high reporting rate such as car theft and break and enters. Finally, crime statistics usually cannot distinguish whether increases or decreases are related to: levels of reporting of the crime, population changes "especially the growing numbers of young people in absolute and relative terms", and changes in juvenile justice laws and practices, "especially in police numbers, location and priorities" .




One vivid example of the change in reporting and recording of crime is child abuse. It was something that for so long society denied happened (the family after all was sacrosanct, wife-bashing was not supposed to happen either) and so was not reported and it showed up statistically as a rarity.

As well as getting a bad statistical break, Walker and Henderson's second point ("Opportunity - the Careless Generation"), is that the community just isn't as careful as it used to be, and is paying the price.

Both parents go out to work so houses are unattended; also residential areas are now separated from commerce and industry. There is not the same sense of community because there has been a far higher turn-over of residents, especially in the inner-city suburbs where students (a particularly transient group) and professional people have been taking over from the old working class residents. Also cars are left all day long in urban car parks. Shops have changed from small owner-operated stores to open plan supermarkets with less security. At the same time many of the recreational facilities after school hours before parents get home now cost money to use such as swimming pools. "User pays" may be the economic by-word of the period, but if people can't afford to use then maybe everybody pays - don't I remember something from Sunday School about the devil finding work for idle hands?

This is especially so with the present high youth unemployment.

While the opportunity for crime has increased at the same time as there has been a peak in adolescents and young adults, youth cops it in the neck from other sections of the community, from the media and governments when it comes to crime and how it is reported.

For instance Walker and Henderson say that media dramatisation of high profile violent crime leads to a community perception that violent crime is "out of control".

The raised community perception leads to greater reporting of incidents and greater pressure on the police, the courts and the governments to "do something" about it, which leads to the police being more likely to press charges, the courts imposing harsher sentences, governments increasing sentences, higher crime statistics, greater community pressure for "something to be done", etc ad nauseam.

This would appear to be born out on the street.

"There has been a very slight increase in street offences," said Sergeant Fallon, officer in charge of the Newtown Beat Police, "but the media loves to stir these things in the pot even further; this is a news-breaking item, it has increased slightly but not to the extent that they 'advertise' it on TV.

"For instance gay bashing is something that gets on the front 10 pages of the newspaper. Its something they like to print. Its sensationalism.

"It's the same with Colour Gangs; we had Colour Gangs for two or three years, but because they are one of the more "in" type of criminal elements they advertise it more now than they used to."

Wait a sec'. We're back to "Colour

Gangs?" We've all heard about them - they get reported in the press enough, from the Sunday papers to Dolly magazine, and many of us have seen the film and bought the shoes.

But do they exist, and if so, what are they?

"Most of the kids I talked to who are supposed to know about that stuff (Colour Gangs), said that they didn't exist, but the media said they did," said Shane Brown. "The kids had reporters walking up to them in the street saying 'Are you part of a Colour Gang?', and the kids would say 'Oh yeah!'

"I mean, as far as the kids are concerned, why not?"

The Youth Worker from the Inner West told one story of a group of 50 young people, all male and of a particular culture, hanging outside a shop after school near a bus stop, trying to chat to the girls getting on the bus.

"The police had had no reports of any problems whatsoever, but adults were intimidated by such a large number of young people hanging around together, and said 'There is a gang there - do something about it'.

"By there very nature young males hang out, outside shops and on street corners. In this instance there was nothing else around. They get kicked out of school, so they go to the shop. Given an area where at times housing is over-crowded, it forces people out onto the streets. In this area you often have three people sharing a room."

So next time the youth crime wave gets an airing, whether its muggings, Colour Gangs, Gay bashings or whatever, don't immediately reach for your gun.

While not denying the incidents and their seriousness, they should not be taken as a sign that things are getting worse. Violent crime has always been with us as the story below reminds us.

Youth crime statistics and reports are misleading if not exaggerated - its partly that we get sneakier as we get older and become 'entrepreneurs' who hurt people off from a distance, and bash our partners and children in the 'safety' of our own homes.

Of, if you still believe all our problems come from young thugs, just hang tight for the next seven or eight years. Walker and Henderson say that around the year 2000 the largest demographic groups in the Australian population will be those over 30 and under 12, and we can look forward to a "golden. but brief period of low crime".

## "Sydney's Wave of Crime: Increasing Cases of Violence": The Unsolved Murder of Joan Ginn, Newtown, 1946

Today's news reports give the impression that violence and "crime waves" are something this generation came up with. In the winter of 1946 the city was in the grip of "Sydney's Wave of Crime: Increasing Cases of Violence" (*Sydney Morning Herald*, 10/7/1946, p3).

That report stated "Sydney and suburbs are suffering from a wave of violent crimes in which people are being bashed and robbed, cat burglars are robbing homes while the occupants are asleep, women are being molested by sex perverts, and black marketeers are openly defying authority."

One of the assaults that started that "wave" took place in Newtown.

On the night of June 11th an 11 year old girl, Joan Norma Ginn, went missing. She had been sent out to buy a loaf of bread one Tuesday evening and never returned.

"The girl's body was found at 8 a.m. yesterday. She had been struck savage blows on the mouth, strangled with strips torn from her singlet, and then outraged. Her body had been mutilated." *(SMH 13th, p3)*

Her mother was reported as saying "When she did not return in reasonable time after I had sent her for a loaf of bread I had a presentiment that she had been murdered....If I could only get my hands on the fiend who killed her there would be no need for a court to deal with him."

Joan Ginn's body was found in a disused Newtown cemetery that was infamous locally as the haunt of local gangs. The area that is now Camperdown Park surrounding the walled-in St Stephen's Cemetery used to be one huge graveyard, surrounded by barbed wire. It had fallen into such a state of disrepair that it was known locally as "Newtown Jungle" according to one local alderman.

The Rev. S.W. McKibbin, who conducted Joan Ginn's funeral, said "This huge area of old tombstones and forgotten graves is not only a reproach to our civic pride, but a menace to our community. "Disgusting scenes enacted there night after night, and even daily, cause the greatest abhorrence among those living in the neighbourhood."

Local residents led by Newtown Council had been trying to get the land resumed and turned into a park since the 1920s. Indeed no burials had taken place since 1923. But the cemetery's trustees had always opposed the resumption for historical reasons - the memorial stone for those who lost their lives when the ship *Dunbar* sank was located in the cemetery, as well as the graves of several well-known people - and because the land is consecrated.

The cemetery's trustees finally agreed to the resumption of the land and memorial- and grave-stones moved to the smaller walled-off cemetery locals know today. "Newtown Jungle" is no more.

Old-time Newtown residents still remember the case, not least because the assailant has never been discovered.

"The death of the little girl caused a real stir," said solicitor and ex-Newtown Mayor, Frederick Newman, "because in those days Newtown was a real community."

As to the assailant, various reports were handed in of Joan Ginn or a girl answering her description being seen talking to a man "Aged 27 or 28; 5ft 8in tall; medium build; fair complexion; dark brown hair, ruffled and parted on the side; full round face; wearing military greatcoat, light coloured open-neck shirt, and dirty grey trousers."*(SMH, June 13, p 3)* on King Street not far from the Cemetery.

Men in greatcoats "acting suspiciously or furtively" *(SMH, June 14, p4)* were interviewed all across the city and up as far as Gosford. After several days the search returned to Newtown, as the possibility arose that the assailant was a local who either knew the girl or knew the cemetery, but all to no avail.

If Joan's murderer is still alive he would probably be in his 70s, and could still walking the streets of Newtown?

*"In the cold earth a child is lain*
*Who for a short time hath suffered pain*
*But in heaven an angel now sings,*
*At the throne of our Almighty King of Kings."*

Words on the gravestone of Joan Norma Ginn

# A TALE OF TWO SEXES

## BY DKT

I can't stop thinking about her creamy-white thighs. Long, smooth, shapely and white.
We drove her car down to Melbourne. (I love it when you drive my car so aggressively, she said.) She bought glossy mags for us to read; I brought my serious literature which remained unread.
On the first night, we made up separate beds and slept soundly till nine the next morning. I lay there listening to the tea-trees creaking in the wind and wondered if she was thinking the same thoughts as I was.
We walked along the beach as far as St Kilda. But when we got there she wanted to go back almost immediately so we wouldn't miss Lucy and co. who were arriving that night from Sydney.
She was impatient; I was hesitant.
While she made us tacos with baked beans, lettuce, yoghurt, onions and tomatoes, I read an article in *Cosmo* about falling in love.
On those long walks we talked of old loves and family love, sex and marriage and desire. After four kilometres or so, we'd run out of things to say and the silence would bounce between us on the tarmac and round the tea-tree trunks.
We climbed sand-dunes overlooking diamond-shaped bays with stormy coastlines.
At night, she would read the mags and watch TV while the wind from the northern cyclone whistled through the chinks in the windows.
I watched her straight auburn hair as it glided back and forth across her smooth white nape; and the shape of her calf muscles as we scaled dunes and wooden steps.
There's not much more to tell. I watched and waited. Hesitant. I didn't want to make the first move. We watched the falling and rising tides together and talked in silence.
The structure between us is made of crumbling stone, yellow like sandstone. We do not know how to scale it, dismantle it or explode it. So we pick at it. A little every day.
We walk with an easy grace, whatever that is, along a cliff path that takes us through spindly arched trees like fairy grottoes, to a deserted beach where gulls and terns chase shadows from the disappearing tide. We sit apart, letting the breeze blow among the spaces between us, drying the sweat on our backs. A photo shows us perched on rocks, blue denim against red; white waves frothing against a grey sky.
The walk back seems further and steeper. Clammy with sweat, we climb into her car again. We are thinking of our lives a year ago, a time of rupture, broken relationships, promises, hearts, minds, tunes. The year leaves us alone.
This year we aim to heal. The time passes smoothly and slowly like a softly suppurating wound. We are here to nurture ourselves, pamper ourselves, each other. The pace is exceedingly slow but the time passes like all our yesterdays.
At the end of the journey, when we're back in Sydney, we're relieved to be home and at the same time anxious when we're out of each other's sight.
I kiss her full on the lips and hug her round her creamy neck. Later, I can't stop thinking about her thighs.

I don't become obsessed with women the way I do with men. He hasn't rung again. I knew he wouldn't. I kid myself if I think I can handle a casual liaison with him. I'm so angry I could cry. It's all meaningless apart from being a pleasant interlude, a self-indulgent way to spend a couple of nights, and let us hope not so self-indulgent that I end up paying Medicare $80.

*"Oh, hello, you've rung!"*

*"Ummm. . . yes. I was wondering. . . How are you, by the way?"*
*"Oh fine, fine. You?"*
*"Good. I was wondering if you'd like to come out on Friday?"*
*"Friday? To do anything in particular?"*
*"Perhaps a movie or something?"*
*"'Something' sounds enticing. I'd really like to but I'm going to have our foetus aborted on Friday, and I probably won't feel like going out afterwards."*
*"Oh. I see. Maybe some other time then. . . "*
*"Yeah. OK. . ."*
*"See you later then."*
*"Yes. Thanks for ringing——"*

I fall in love with women in restaurants. Usually dark beauties looking how I would like to look; but sometimes blondes with transparent skin like ricepaper and eyes like a Sydney summer's sky. Dark wavy long hair, brown skin like copper and a regal Roman nose, sitting here at the head of the table acting haughty. No man to take up her private space, no man is good enough for her. Laughing constantly while she casts her brown eyes down her long Roman nose. Don't go, my beauty, before I can get a good look at you. What are you wearing? Black of course.
I enjoy my friend's vinegared comments, landing on my plate like pickled lady's fingers. She is the only person I know who cuts the fat off her proscuitto before eating it. She could extract the little white roundels of fat from her salami without losing a beat. She could do that. She says "Do you know what I mean?" at the end of every other sentence. I struggle with her silently to find the right words. I know well enough what she means. She says "weird" with a long vowel sound and a burr on the "r"—that is her favourite comment on the world/her life. I disagree. Our world is not weird—confusing, exasperating, disappointing, hilarious, unpredictable maybe. But not weird. Disappointingly not weird. If we all thought like David Lynch, there might seem a point.
My cigarette smoke embeds itself in her auburn hair; her hand movements are quick and spiky. Silence falls between us on the table, soaking up the bolognese sauce. I shift, uncomfortable in the hard-backed chair. I long to take her white hand and finger her fingers.

*The main reason I shouldn't ring him is because he didn't want to use a condom. Is that lack of respect for me? Is that a truism? It sounds like a denial. What about respect for myself? I wasn't exactly raped and I had all my senses functioning pretty soberly, so I can hardly blame him more than myself, unless I'm subconsciously adopting some patriarchal notion of it being the man's role to stage-manage contraception. Oh god. . .*
*We're both to blame and the appalling thing is I'm feeling a little nauseous. Will I ring him if I am? Will I ring him if I'm not? Will he ring me, ever? It's easy to say no, now.*

The waitress is a smooth-complexioned lovely with small round breasts encased in striped lycra. I watch her bend over tables to strip them of crumbs and other diners' debris. She has short legs and a brown nape that glances, tantalisingly, between the strands of her honeyed hair. She is young. And so beautiful. Sometime I wonder whether I look at women the way men do. The women in this city are so beautiful. *Si belles*. Smooth brown bodies and hair of spun gold, copper, ebony. Buttocks like roundels of curled butter and breasts like cream.
I want to take her small breasts in my hand and lick around her cherry nipples. Feel the prickling rise of the erect tissue under my tongue. Run my mouth under the crease and up over the top of that lovely cleavage. I want to hold her firmly with both hands around the waist, pull her towards me and feel her breasts respond to mine.

*It may take some time to forget him. It may indeed. Last night he invaded my dreams—we didn't even make eye contact. Everytime I drive through Balmain I look for him. (Come off it, no one drives* through *Balmain.) What was the reason? It chips away at my self-esteem.*

She smiled her honey smile and took those tripping steps of hers off into the night.

# GLIMPSES

**BY JEANNIE**

PEDRO-

The man with the black South American eyes looks seductively at those who enter. He wears a rust coloured, floppy brimmed hat; Mexicano. Eyelashes too long, curling inwards like elephant's. Skin smooth toned, olive, his mouth sulks.
His chair's turned inwards, facing a blond dyed-haired girl. They occasionally look at each another, questioningly, but say nothing. Waiting, doing businesses, partners of sorts.
He looks over a woman who's squeezing into a vacant space in the window corner. She settles, and notices him watching.
"I like your hat," she says, fidgeting in her seat.
"You want some," he says, in a low voice.
"Of your hat," she laughs.
"Green," he says.
She nods. He throws her a thin strip of foil. It lands on the floor beneath her table. She scoops down and takes it, opens it, lowers her head to sniff it.
"It doesn't smell much," she says to a stranger beside her. "Does that matter? It's small, is it worth it do you think?"
"What's worth it these days," the stranger snorts.
She takes out a twenty dollar note from her purse, folds it in three and throws it low, across the room.
The man with the black South American eyes snaps it from the air as it starts to flutter, and the deal's done.

LEONORA-

The woman in the window seat is smoking, she lifts the cigarette towards her lips, and takes long slow drags, eyes rolling upwards as she exhales. Her face, broad, aging, loose panels of skin, an ebony glow, rouged cheekbones, speckled with glitter, deep red lipstick.
She takes out a compact and checks her reflection. She smiles at the mirror, flashing a set of large yellowed teeth, a perfect black space between the front two.
She lifts her head and smiles at someone watching her from across the room.
She adjusts the strap of her soiled slip, her upper arms loose skinned, flesh dripping from the bone, cool to touch like mother's arms.
She smiles furiously, flashing the space between her teeth like a chequerboard.
She's alone, reading a book on spirituality, holding up the cover for everyone to see.
A man slides into the seat beside her and asks her quietly for a cigarette. She smiles and offers him one, lighting it for him.
She watches him for a few minutes, then moves her arm to allow one strap to fall from her shoulder. She moves her body noticeably forward, and lets the strap fall lower to reveal one breast. The skin is loose, covered in scars.
The stranger looks down and, embarrassed, looks away. She smiles at a man in the far corner.
"This one," she says to the man in the corner, tapping the stranger on the arm, "is keeping me for later." She laughs hysterically, dropping her face forward towards the table, and throws her head back, mouth open, black and rotten inside.
"Those types, you know," she says to the man in the corner, who's a safe enough distance away to be amused.
The stranger turns his face towards her. You talking about me?" he asks .
"No , I'm not talking about you," she says, growing slightly agitated, sliding the other strap over her shoulder,the slip falling crumpled to her waist.

# DINNER FOR TWO

## BY ANGELA COLLINS

Well, it was my big date. Gerard had finally fallen for my feminine charms and subtle suggestions and asked me out. Tonight was the big night. No holes barred. I plotted out the evening furtively in my mind. I would besot him with my charm, envelop him with my wit and arouse him with my moss green mini. I bathed myself in oils. Groomed myself with precision like Phar Lap anticipating victory in the Melbourne Cup. The final touch, my Max Factor vermilion red lipstick. Ah, Madonna would be proud.

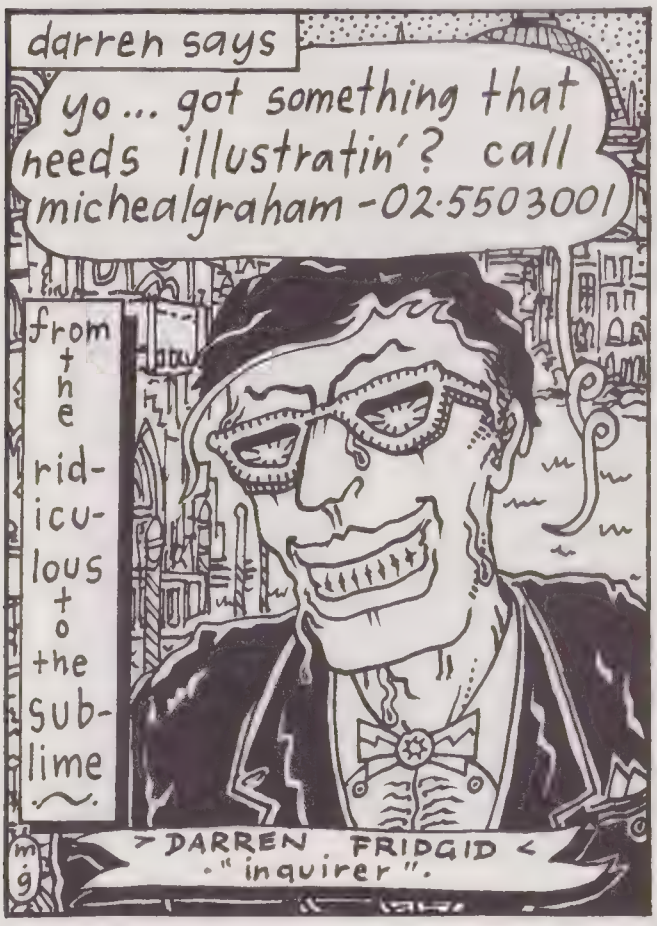
Gerard arrived on time, looking fabulous. A cross between Kevin Costner and Boy George. He remarked on how moss green was his favourite colour. Wow was I feeling lucky after having a dry run, and when he opened the door for me I knew he was a feminist.

We arrived at the Bayswater Brasserie ordering cocktails first. We were getting on famously, laughing, joking and flirting with each other.

With our main meals he chose a Mitchelton '78 Chardonnay. It was a nice change from the usual Tyrrells Long Flat Red. There was no doubt in my mind that this guy was different from the rest. I was feeling particularly vivacious as I nibbled the white flesh off my chicken's breast. He was looking irresistibly sexy extracting the salty morsells from a seafood platter. What a perfect evening. While under the table his leg playfully caressed mine we discussed our favourite movie, Milan Kunderas' *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to the internal workings of my body. I coyly put the napkin to my mouth and did a quick rotation of my upper plate with my tongue and was aghast at what I did not feel. My front crown had fallen out. Without a word I prematurely withdrew from the table holding the napkin to my mouth grabbing my bag and running out of the restaurant. I heard Gerard calling out to me and distant cries of the waiter runner runner runner.

I had no alternative but to jump into a cab and go home and make a date with my dentist.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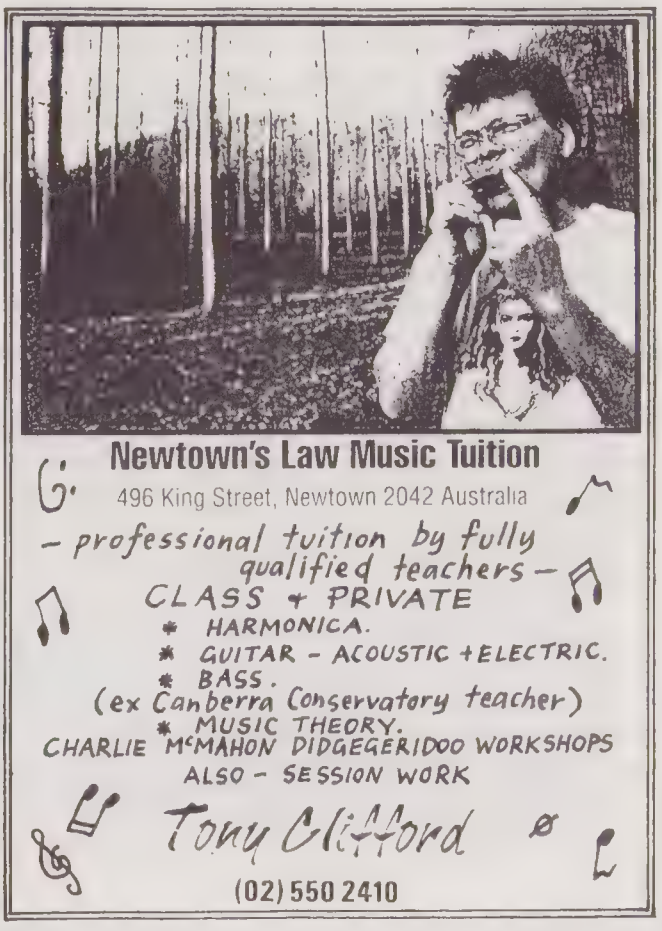

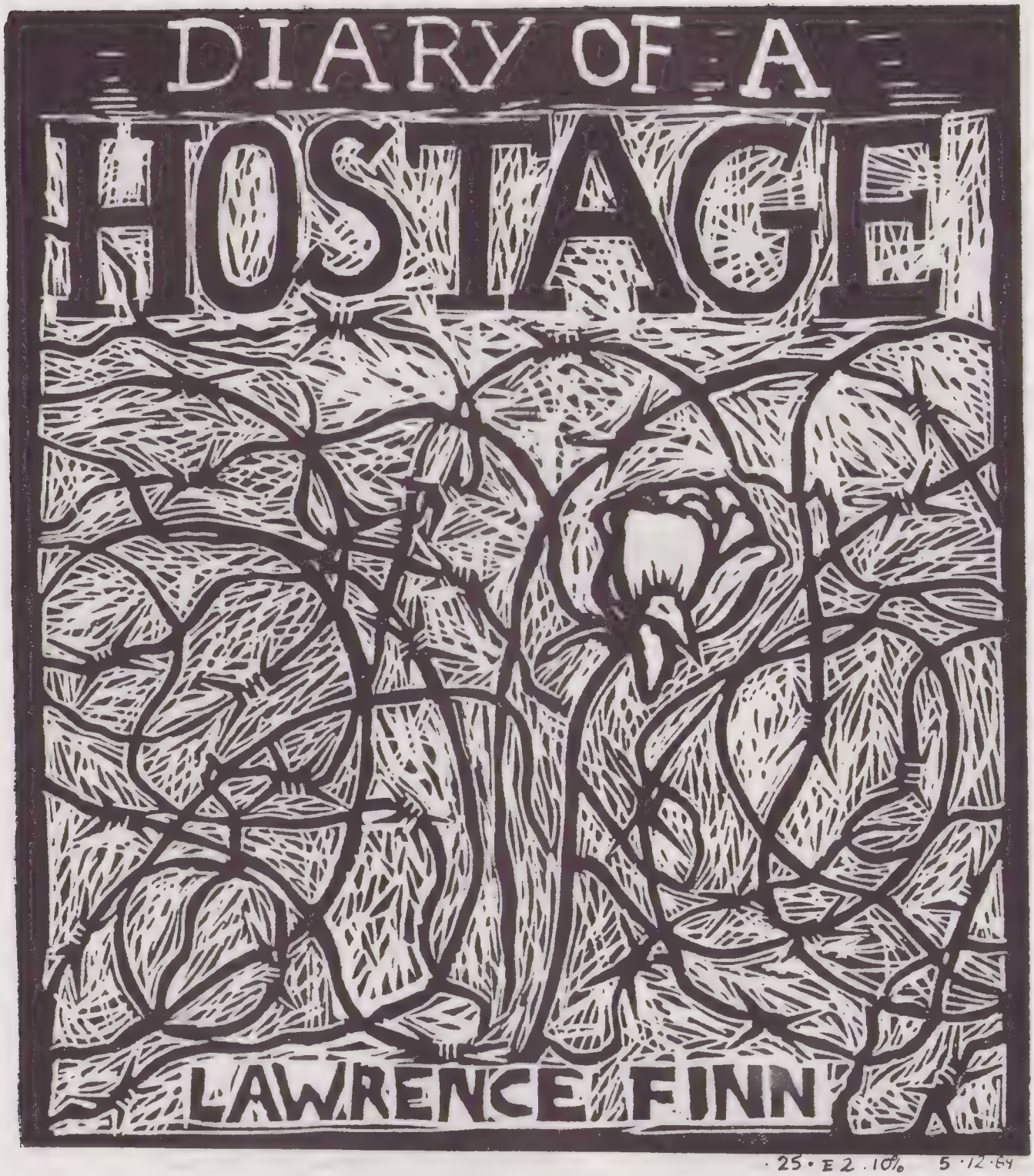


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In the innocence of my birth I presumed that the world was here for everybody to share, but it was owned.

At school they taught me what ownership means - they filled my head with shit and did their best to destroy what vision I have.

The priests and people of religion think that they have a monopoly on God. In their apathetic piety they do their best to make this world Hell.

The labours of this limbo, meaningless work done in a meaningful way, I am denied my very existence so that I will earn money to survive, to work another day.

With lessons of fear and inferiority from school and church they create the parameters of this system.

Making money for the rich, who know no better than this system which perpetuates itself uncontrollably, blindly, victims of victims.

Eventually I will come to believe that there is no other way. I will be unable to see the walls of my cell or the lock on the bolted door. Through me the victimisation will continue.

He always wanted to explain things, but no one cared so he drew.
Sometimes he would just draw and it wasn't anything.
he wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.
he would lie out in the grass and look up in the sky and
it would only be the sky and the things inside him that needed
saying.

and it was after that he drew pictures, It was a beautiful
picture, he ~~was~~ kept it under his pillow and would let
no one see it.

And he would look at it every night and let no one
see it.

And he would look at it every night and think about it.
And when it was dark and his eyes were closed he could
see it still.

~~And it was all of that and he loved it~~

WHEN he started school he brought it with him.
~~not to show anyone, but just to have it with him~~
Like a friend.

It was funny about school
He sat in a square brown desk like all the other square
Brown desks, and he thought it would be red.
And His Room was a square brown room like all the
other rooms

AND IT WAS TIGHT AND CLOSE AND STIFF.

He hated to hold the pencil and chalk,
with his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor, with the
teacher watching and waiting.

The teacher came and spoke to him She told him to wear
a tie like all the other boys, he said he didn't like them And
She said it didn't matter.

AND he drew all yellow and it was the way about morning and it was
beautiful.

~~The teacher came and looked at him, "what's this," she said~~ Why don't
you draw something like Kens drawing? Isn't it beautiful, After
that his mother brought him a tie and he always drew airplanes
and rocketships like everyone else.

And he threw the old picture away and when he
lay out alone looking at the sky, It was big and blue
and all of everything but he wasn't anymore.

He was Square and brown inside and his hands were stiff.
And he was like everyone else all the things inside him that
needed saying didn't need it anymore.

it had stopped pushing, It was crushed
stiff like everyone else.

THIS poem was handed to an english teacher
shortly before its 14 year old AUthor
committed suicide....

Dear Eddie,

I was so stoned the other night I bought your magazine. Thank Allah too. Coz you wouldn't believe, on arriving home I slaughtered 8 cockroaches with it, (IN THE ONE SWIPE!).

Perhaps the next issue could be bigger. Nice insides, you've won me.

Love Chris

P.S Please find enclosed some velvet (for the cause).

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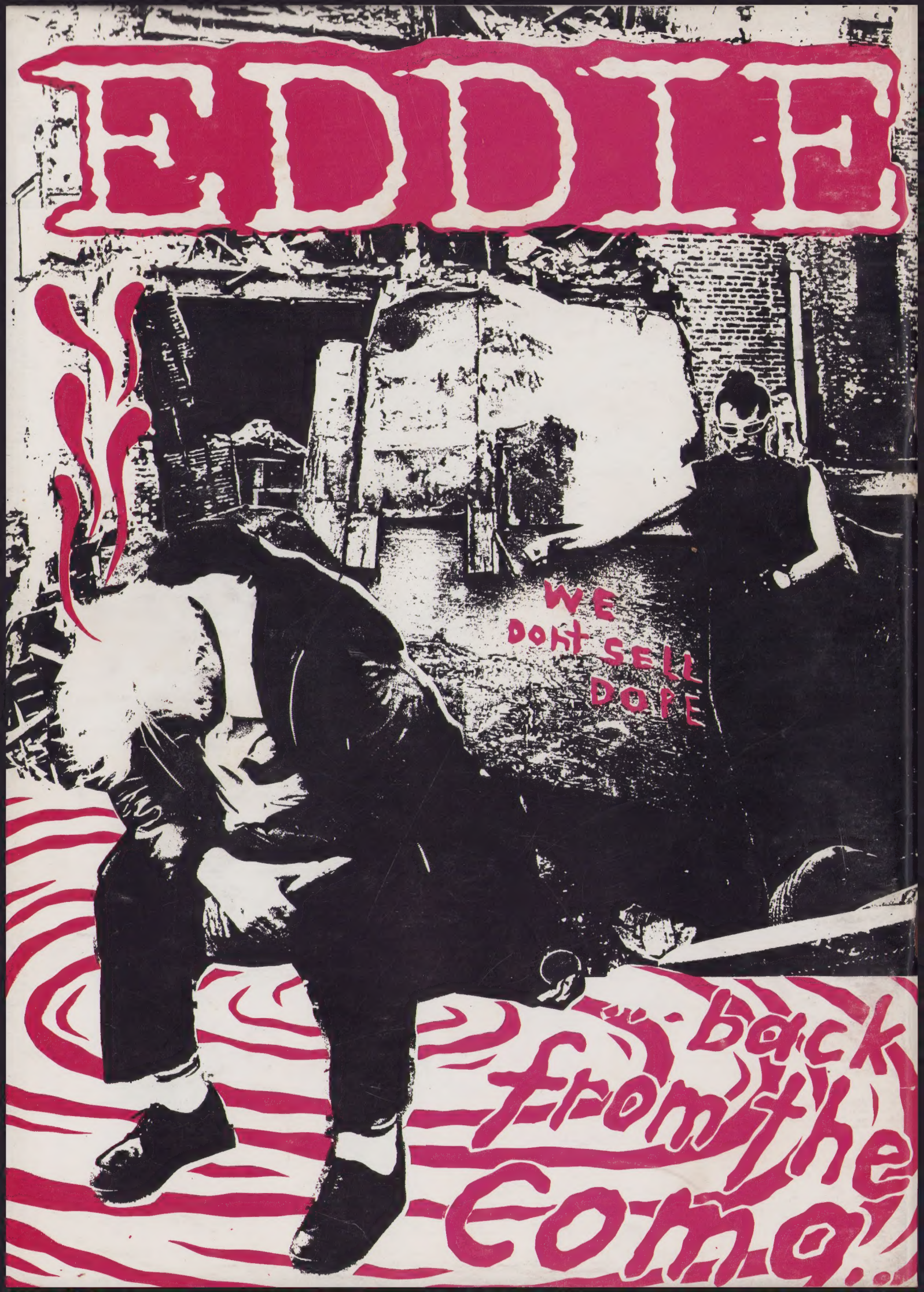
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